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THE CHARACTER
AND
PORTRAITS
OF
WASHINGTON.

By
HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

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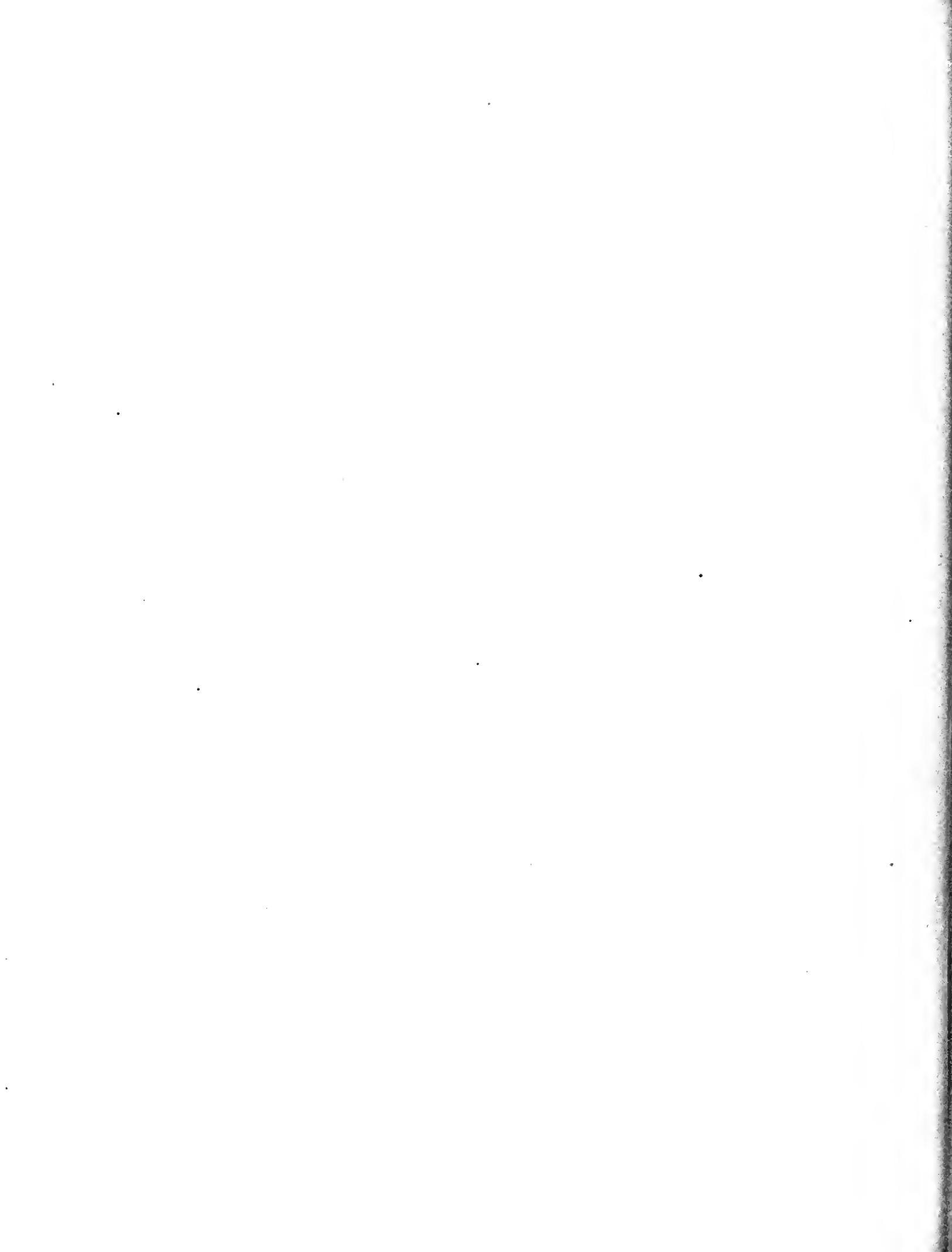
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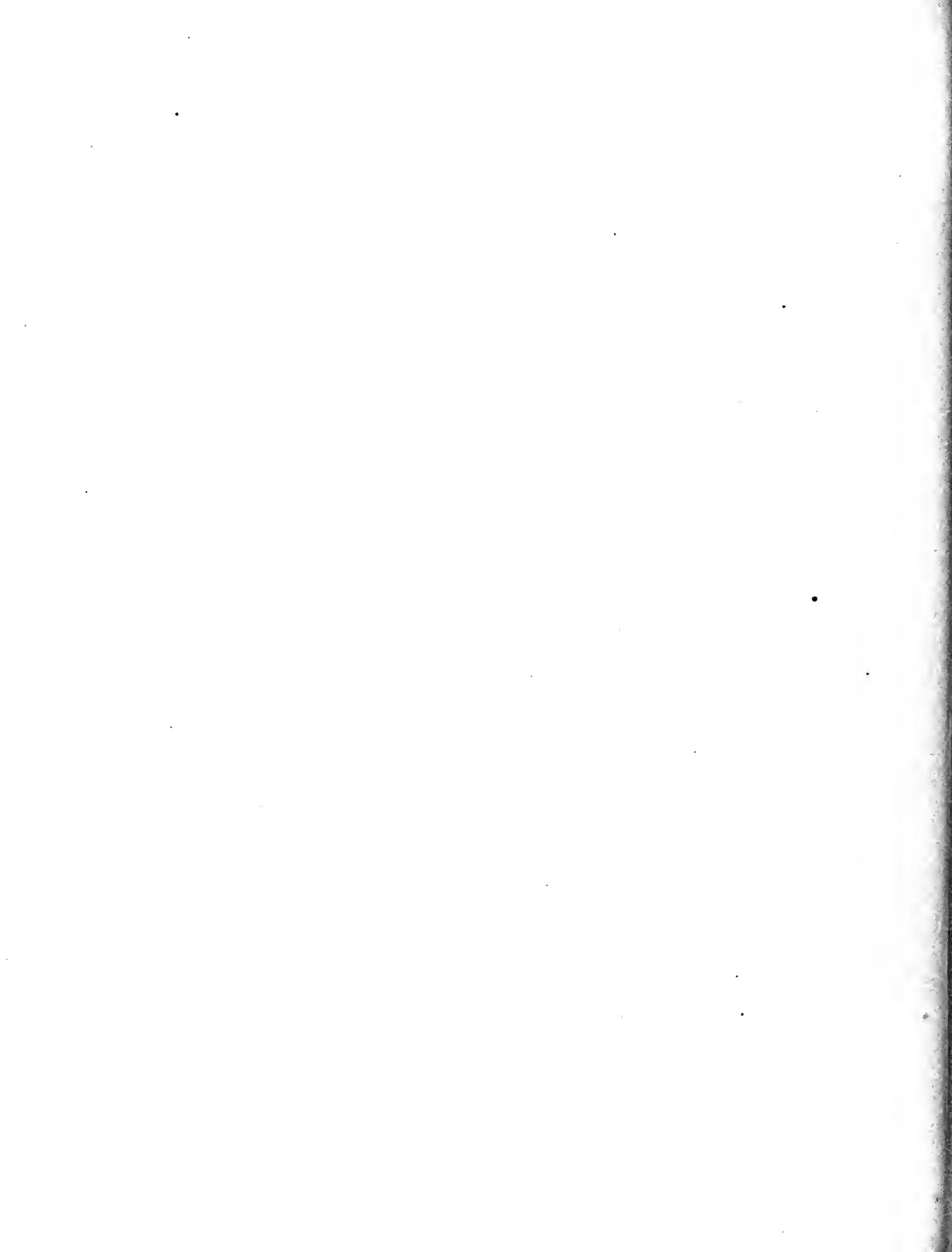
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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

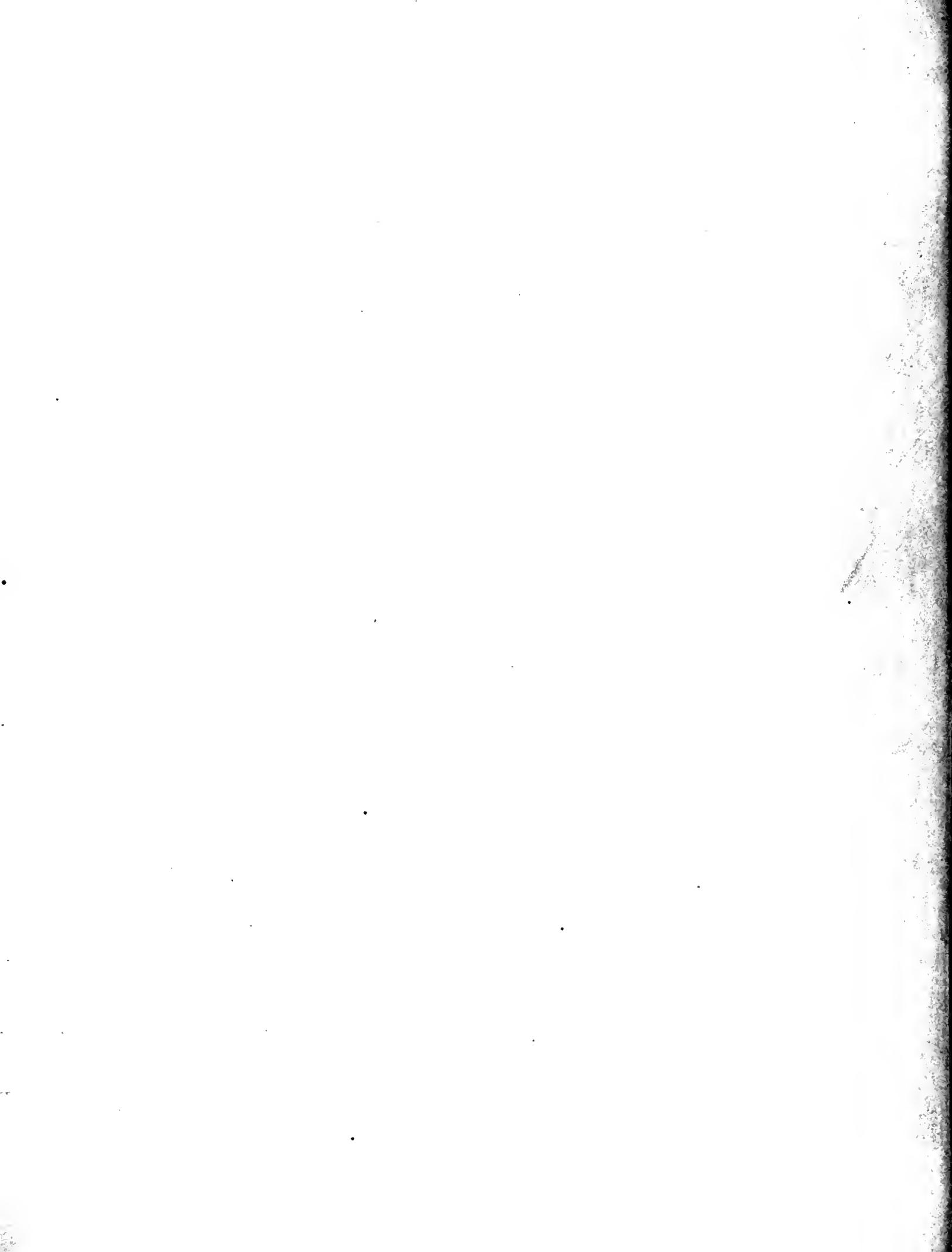
THE Essay on the Character of Washington here republished, is from a volume issued two years since;* that on the Portraits was originally prepared for "Putnam's Monthly," and a portion of it is included in the Appendix to the Fifth Volume of "Irving's Life of Washington;" numerous corrections and important additions have since been made, and the new interest in the subject awakened by the popular Biography just completed, and the national subscription for the purchase of Mount Vernon, has induced the publisher, with the author's co-operation, to bring out this complete and illustrated edition.

* *Essays, Biographical and Critical*, Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co., 1857.



THE CHARACTER
OF
W A S H I N G T O N .

“—————*The elements*
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world—THIS WAS A MAN.”



CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

THE memory of Washington is the highest and most precious of national blessings, and, as such, cannot be approached by artist or author without reverence. To pervert the traits or to mar the unity of such a character, is to wrong, not only his sacred memory, but the dearest rights of his countrymen. A poet once conceived a drama based on the fate of André ; and, after striving to embody Washington in the piece, in a manner coincident with his own profound sense of his character, he found that the only way of effecting this, without detriment to his ideal, was to keep that august presence off the stage, and to hint its vicinity by the reverent manner in which the name and views of Washington were treated by all the *dramatis personæ*. This instinct of dramatic propriety is a most striking proof of the native sacredness of the subject. The more fertile it may be to the poet and philosopher, the less right has the biographer to interfere with, overlay, or exaggerate, its primitive truth, and the more careful should he be in adhering to the lucid and conscientious statement of facts, in themselves, and for themselves, immeasurably precious.

“You have George the Surveyor,” said Carlyle, in his quaint way, to an American, when talking of heroes. Never had that vocation greater significance. It drew the young Virginian unconsciously into the best education possible, in a new country, for a military life. He was thereby practised in topographical observation ; inured to habits of keen local study ; made familiar with the fatigue, exposure, and expedients, incident to journeys on foot and horseback, through streams and thickets, over moun-

tains and marshes ; taught to accommodate himself to limited fare, strained muscles, the bivouac, the woods, the seasons, self-dependence, and effort. This discipline inevitably trained his perceptive faculties, and made him the accurate judge he subsequently became of the capabilities of land, from its position, limits, and quality, for agricultural and warlike purposes. A love of field-sports, the chief amusement of the gentry in the Old Dominion, and the oversight of a plantation, were favorable to the same result. Life in the open air, skilful horsemanship, and the use of the rifle, promoted habits of manly activity. To a youth thus bred in the freedom and salubrity of a rural home, we are disposed to attribute, in no small degree, the noble development of Washington. How naturally frank courage is fostered by such influences, all history attests. The strongest ranks in the old Roman armies were levies drawn from the agricultural laborers ; the names of Tell and Hofer breathe of the mountains ; and the English yeomen decided the victory on the fields where their kings encountered the French in the early wars. Political economists ascribe the deterioration of modern nations, in those qualities which insure fortitude and martial enterprise, to the encroachments of town life ; and the greatest cities of antiquity fell through the insidious luxury of commercial success. Nor are these general truths inapplicable to personal character. In crowded towns artifice prevails. In the struggle for the prizes of traffic, nobility of the soul is apt to be lost in thrift. The best hours of the day, passed under roofs and in streets, bring not the requisite ministry to health, born of the fresh air. It enlarges the mind to gaze habitually upon the horizon unimpeded by marts and edifices. It keeps fresh and generous impulses to consort with hunters and gentlemen, instead of daily meeting "the hard-eyed lender and the pale lendee." In a word, the interest in crops and herds, in woodland and upland, the excitement of deer-shooting, the care of a rural domain, and the tastes, occupations, duties, and pleasures, of an intelligent agriculturist, tend to conserve and expand what is best in human nature, which the spirit of trade and the competition of social pride are apt to dwarf and overlay. Auspicious, therefore, were the influences around the childhood and youth of Washington, inasmuch as they left his nature free, identified him with the least artificial of human pursuits, and nursed his physical while they left unperverted his moral energies. He became attached to the kind of life of which Burke and Webster were so enamored, that they ever turned with alacrity from the cares of state to flocks and grain, planting and reaping, the morning hunt, and the midsummer harvest. There would seem to be a remarkable affinity between the charm of occupations

like these and the comprehensive and beneficent mission of the patriotic statesman. To draw near the heart of Nature, to become a proficient in the application of her laws, to be, as it were, her active coadjutor, has in it a manliness of aim and a refreshing contrast to the wearisome anxieties of political life, and the sordid absorption of trade, which charm such noble minds, and afford their best resource at once for pastime and utility.

There were, too, in that thinly-peopled region over which impends the Blue Ridge, beside the healthful freedom of nature, positive social elements at work. The aristocratic sentiment had a more emphatic recognition there than in any other of the English Cisatlantic colonies; the distinctions of landed property and of gentle blood were deeply felt; the responsibility of a high caste, and of personal authority and influence over a subject race, kept alive chivalric pride and loyalty; and, with the duties of the agriculturist, the pleasures of the hunt and of the table, and the rites of an established and unlimited hospitality, was mingled, in the thoughts and the conversation of the people, that interest in political affairs whence arise public spirit and patriotic enthusiasm. Thus, while estates carelessly cultivated, the absence of many conveniences, the rarity of modern luxuries, the free and easy habits of men accustomed rather to oversee workers than to work themselves, the rough highways, the unsubstantial dwellings and sparse settlements, might not impress the casual observer as favorable to elegance and dignity, he soon discovered both among the families who boasted of a Cavalier ancestry and transmitted noble blood. The Virginia of Sir Walter Raleigh—a country where the most extravagant of his golden dreams were to be realized—had given place to a nursery of men, cultivators of the soil, and rangers of the woods, where free, genial, and brave character found scope; and the name of the distant colony that graced Spenser's dedication of the *Faerie Queene* to his peerless sovereign, instead of being identified with a new *El Dorado*, was to become a shrine of Humanity, as the birthplace and home of her noblest exemplar.

These advantages, however, Washington shared with many planters of the South, and manorial residents of the North, and they were chiefly negative. A broader range of experience and more direct influences were indispensable to refine the manners and to test the abilities of one destined to lead men in war, and to organize the scattered and discordant elements of a young republic. This experience circumstances soon provided. His intimacy with Lord Fairfax,

who, in the wilds of Virginia, emulated the courteous splendor of baronial life in England, the missions upon which he was sent by the governor of the State, combining military, diplomatic, and surveying duties, and especially the acquaintance he gained with European tactics in the disastrous campaign of Braddock,— all united to prepare him for the exigencies of his future career; so that, in early manhood, with the athletic frame of a hunter and surveyor, the ruddy health of an enterprising agriculturist, the vigilant observation of a sportsman and border soldier, familiar alike with Indian ambush, the pathless forest, freshets and fevers, he had acquired the tact of authority, the self-possession that peril can alone teach, the dignified manners of a man of society, the firm bearing of a soldier, aptitude for affairs, and cheerfulness in privation. To the keen sense of honor, the earnest fidelity, the modesty of soul, and the strength of purpose, which belonged to his nature, the life of the youth in his native home, the planter, the engineer, the ambassador, the representative, the gentleman, and the military leader, had thus added a harmony and a scope, which already, to discriminating observers, indicated his future genius for public life, and his competency to render the greatest national services.

During these first years of public duty and private enterprise, it is remarkable that no brilliant achievement served to encourage those latent military aspirations which lurked in his blood. Braddock scorned his advice; Governor Dinwiddie failed to recognise his superior judgment; and he reached Fort Duquesne only to find it abandoned by the enemy. To clear a swamp, lay out a road through the wilderness, guide to safety a band of fugitives, survey faithfully the Shenandoah valley, treat effectively with Indians, and cheer a famished garrison, were indeed services of eminent utility; but it was only indirectly that they were favorable to his renown, and prophetic of his superiority. His apparently miraculous escapes from bullets, drowning, and the ravages of illness, called forth, indeed, the recognition of a providential care suggestive of future usefulness; but the perplexities growing out of ill-defined relations between crown and provincial officers, the want of discipline in troops, the lack of adequate provision for the exigencies of public service, reverses, defeats, physical and moral emergencies, thus early so tried the patience of Washington, by the long endurance of care, disappointment, and mortification, unredeemed by the glory which is wont to attend even such martyrdom, that he cheerfully sought retirement, and was lured again to the field only by the serious danger which threatened

his neighbors, and the prompting of absolute duty. The retrospect of this era of his life derives significance and interest from subsequent events. We cannot look back, as he must often have done from the honorable retreat of his age, without recognising the preparatory ordeal of his career in this youth and early manhood, wherein he experienced, alternately, the solace of domestic comfort and the deprivations of a border campaign, the tranquil respectability of private station and the responsibility of anxious office, the practice of the camp and the meditations of the council, the hunt with gentlemen and the fight with savages, the safe and happy hospitality of a refined circle, and forest life in momentary expectation of an ambush. Through all these scenes, and in each situation, we see him preserving perfect self-control, loyal to every duty, as firm and cheerful during the bitter ordeal at Fort Necessity as when riding over his domain on a summer morning, or shooting game on the banks of the Potomac, ready to risk health, to abandon ease, to forego private interests, with a public spirit worthy of the greatest statesman, yet scrupulous, methodical, and considerate in every detail of affairs and position, whether as a host, a master, a guardian, a son, or a husband, as a member of a household or a legislator, as a leader of a regiment or agent of a survey; and so highly appreciated was he for this signal fidelity within his then limited sphere, that his opinion in a social discussion, his brand on tobacco, his sign-manual to a chart, his report to a superior, and his word of advice or of censure to a dependent, bore at once and for ever the sterling currency and absolute meaning which character alone bestows. In this routine of duty and vicissitude, under these varied circumstances, in the traits they elicited and the confidence they established, it is impossible not to behold a school often severe, yet adequately instructive, and a gradual influence upon the will, the habits, and disposition of Washington, which laid the foundations, deep, broad, and firm, of his character, and confirmed the principles as well as the aptitudes of his nature.

So intimately associated in our minds is the career of Washington with lofty and unsullied renown, that it is difficult to recall him as divested of the confidence which his fame insured. We are apt to forget that when he took command of the army his person was unfamiliar, and his character inadequately tested to the public sense. Officers who shared his counsels, comrades in the French war, neighbors at Mount Vernon, the leading men of his native State, and a few statesmen who had carefully informed themselves of his antecedent

life and private reputation, did, indeed, well appreciate his integrity, valor, and self-respect; but to the majority who had enlisted in the imminent struggle, and the large number who cautiously watched its prospects before committing either their fortunes or their honor, the elected chief was a stranger. Nor had he that natural facility of adaptation, or those conciliating manners, which have made the fresh leader of troops an idol in a month, nor the diplomatic courtesy that wins political allies. If we may borrow a metaphor from natural philosophy, it was not by magnetism, so much as by gravitation, that his moral authority was established. There was nothing in him to dazzle, as in Napoleon, nothing to allure, as in Louis XIV., when they sought to inspire their armies with enthusiasm. The power of Washington as a guide, a chieftain, and a representative of his country, was based on a less dramatic and more permanent law; he gained the influence so essential to success,—the ability to control others,—by virtue of a sublime self-government. It was, in the last analysis, because personal interest, selfish ambition, safety, comfort,—all that human instincts endear,—were cheerfully sacrificed, because passions naturally strong were kept in abeyance by an energetic will, because disinterestedness was demonstrated as a normal fact of character, that gradually, but surely, and by a law as inevitable as that which holds a planet to its orbit, public faith was irreversibly attached to him. But the process was slow, the delay hardly tolerable to a noble heart, the ordeal wearisome to a brave spirit. In our view, no period of his life is more affecting than the early months of his command, when his prudence was sneered at by the ambitious, his military capacity distrusted even by his most intimate friends, and his "masterly inactivity" misinterpreted by those who awaited his signal for action. The calm remonstrance, the inward grief, the exalted magnanimity, which his letters breathe at this crisis, reveal a heroism of soul not surpassed in any subsequent achievement. No man ever illustrated more nobly the profound truth of Milton's sentiment, "They also serve who only stand and wait." His was not simply the reticence of a soul eager for enterprise, the endurance of a forced passivity, with vast peril and glorious possibilities, the spur of necessity, the thirst for glory, and the readiness for sacrifice stirring every pulse and bracing every nerve; but it was his part to "stand and wait" in the midst of the gravest perplexities, in the face of an expectant multitude, with a knowledge of circumstances that justified the "hope delayed," and without the sympathy which alleviates the restless pain of "hope deferred,"—to

“stand and wait” before the half-averted eye of the loyal, the gibes of a powerful enemy, the insinuations of factious comrades,—with only conscious rectitude and trust in Heaven for support. How, in his official correspondence, did Washington hush the cry of a wounded spirit; how plaintively it half escapes in the letter of friendship; and how singly does he keep his gaze on the great cause, and dash aside the promptings of self-love, in the large cares and impersonal interests of a country, not yet sensible of its infinite need of him, and of its own injustice!

The difficulties which military leadership involves are, to a certain extent, similar in all cases, and inevitable. All great commanders have found the risks of battle often the least of their trials. Disaffection among the soldiers, inadequate food and equipment, lack of experience in the officers and of discipline in the troops, jealousy, treason, cowardice, opposing counsels, and other nameless dangers and perplexities, more or less complicate the solicitude of every brave and loyal general. But in the case of Washington, at the opening of the American war, these obstacles to success were increased by his own conscientiousness; and circumstances without a parallel in previous history, added to the vicissitudes incident to all warfare, the hazards of a new and vast political experiment. That his practical knowledge of military affairs was too limited for him to cope auspiciously with veteran officers,—that his camp was destitute of engineers, his men of sufficient clothing and ammunition,—that the majority of them were honest but inexpert yeomen,—that tory spies and lukewarm adherents were thickly interspersed among them,—that zeal for liberty was, for the most part, a spasmodic motive, not yet firmly coëxistent with national sentiment,—that he was obliged, month after month, to keep these incongruous and discontented materials together, inactive, mistrustful, and vaguely apprehensive,—all this constitutes a crisis like that through which many have passed; but the immense extent of the country in behalf of which this intrepid leader drew his sword, the diversity of occupations and character which it was indispensable to reconcile with the order and discipline of an army, the habits of absolute independence which marked the American colonists of every rank, the freedom of opinion, the local jealousies, the brief period of enlistment, the obligation, ridiculed by foreign officers but profoundly respected by Washington, to refer and defer to Congress in every emergency,—this loose and undefined power over others in the field, this dependence for authority on a distant assembly, for aid on a local

legislature, and for coöperation on patriotic feeling alone, so thwarted the aims, perplexed the action, and neutralized the personal efficiency of Washington, that a man less impressed with the greatness of the object in view, less sustained by solemn earnestness of purpose and trust in God, would have abandoned in despair the post of duty, so isolated, ungracious, desperate, and forlorn.

Imagine how, in his pauses from active oversight, his few and casual hours of repose and solitude, the full consciousness of his position—of the facts of the moment, so clear to his practical eye—must have weighed upon his soul. The man on whose professional skill he could best rely during the first months of the war, he knew to be inspired by the reckless ambition of the adventurer, rather than the wise ardor of the patriot. Among the Eastern citizens the spirit of trade, with its conservative policy and evasive action, quenched the glow of public spirit. Where one merchant, like Hancock, risked his all for the good cause, and committed himself with a bold and emphatic signature to the bond, and one trader, like Knox, closed his shop and journeyed in the depth of winter to a far distant fort, to bring, through incredible obstacles, ammunition and cannon to the American camp, hundreds passively guarded their hoards, and awaited cautiously the tide of affairs. While Washington anxiously watched the enemy's ships in the harbor of Boston, his ear no less anxiously listened for tidings from Canada and the South. To-day, the cowardice of the militia; to-morrow, the death of the gallant Montgomery; now, the capture of Lee, and again, a foul calumny; at one moment a threat of resignation from Schuyler, and at another an Indian alliance of Sir Guy Johnson; the cruelty of his adversaries to a prisoner; the delay of Congress to pass an order for supplies or relief; desertions, insubordination, famine; a trading Yankee's stratagem or a New York tory's intrigue; the insulting bugle-note which proclaimed his fugitives a hunted pack, and the more bitter whisper of distrust in his capacity or impatience at his quiescence: these, and such as these, were the discouragements which thickened around his gloomy path, and shrouded the dawn of the Revolution in dismay. He was thus, by the force of circumstances, a pioneer; he was obliged to create precedents, and has been justly commended as the master of "a higher art than making war, the art to control and direct it," and as a proficient in those victories of "peace no less renowned than war," which, as Fisher Ames declared, "changed mankind's ideas of political greatness."

What, we are continually impelled to ask, were the grounds of hope, the

resources of trust and patience, which, at such crises, and more especially during the early discouragements of the struggle, buoyed up and sustained that heroic equanimity, which excited the wonder, and finally won the confidence, of the people? First of all, a settled conviction of the justice of his cause and the favor of God; then a belief, not carelessly adopted, that, if he avoided as long as possible a general action, by well-arranged defences and retreats, opportunities would occur when the enemy could be taken at disadvantage, and, by judicious surprises, gradually worn out and vanquished. Proof was not wanting of a true patriotic enthusiasm,—unorganized, indeed, and impulsive, yet real, and capable, by the *prestige* of success or the magnetism of example, of being aroused and consolidated into invincible vigor. Scattered among the lukewarm and the inexperienced friends of the cause were a few magnanimous and self-devoted men, pledged irretrievably to its support, and ready to sacrifice life, and all that makes life dear, in its behalf. Greene and Putnam, Knox and Schuyler, Robert Morris and Alexander Hamilton, were names of good cheer, and reliable watchwords in the field and the council; Franklin and Adams were representatives of national sentiment rarely equalled in wisdom and intrepidity; the legislative body, whence his authority was derived, more and more strengthened his hands and recognised his ability; the undisciplined New Englanders hewed a trench and heaped a mound with marvellous celerity and good-will; bushfighters from the South handled the rifle with unequalled skill; a remarkable inactivity on the part of the enemy indicated their ignorance of the real condition of the American army; and last, though not least, experience soon proved that, however superior in a pitched battle, the regular troops were no match for militia in retrieving defeat and disaster. The marvellous siege of Boston, the masterly retreat from Brooklyn Heights, the success at Sullivan's Island, and the capture of the Hessians at Trenton, made it apparent that vigilant sagacity and well-timed bravery are no inadequate compensation for the lack of material resources and a disciplined force.

Everything combines, in the events of the war and the character of the man, to deepen moral interest and extinguish dramatic effect. In the absence of "the pomp and circumstance" of war, and the latent meaning and grand results involved, the chronicle differs from all other military and civil annals. The "lucky blows" and "levies of husbandmen," the poorly clad and grotesquely armed patriots, were as deficient in brilliancy of tactics and picturesque scenes,

as were the bearing and aspect of their leader in the dashing and showy attractions of soldiership. "His eyes have no fire," says the Hessian's letter. An adept in the school of Frederic could find scarcely a trace of the perfect drill and astute combinations which were, in his view, the only guarantees of success in battle. The arrogant confidence of Marlborough, the inspired manœuvres of Napoleon, ordered with the rapidity of intuition beside a camp-fire and between pinches of snuff, the theatrical charge of Murat, the cool bravery of William of Orange,—all that is effective and romantic in our associations with military heroism gives place in this record to the most stern and least illusive realities. The actors are men temporarily drawn from their ordinary pursuits by a patriotic enthusiasm which displays itself in a very matter-of-fact way. The only sublimity that attends them is derived from the great interest at stake, and the deliberate self-devotion exhibited. Patience far beyond action, caution rather than enterprise, faith more than emulation, are the virtues demanded. What of poetry lies hidden in the possibilities of achievement is solemn rather than chivalric; endurance is the test, perseverance the grand requisite, indomitable spirit the one thing needful; and in these conditions, the restless, ambitious, and mercenary, who form the staple of armies, can find little scope or encouragement. It is neither the land nor the era for laurel crowns and classic odes, for orders and patents of nobility. If the volunteer falls, his only consolation is that he fills a patriot's grave, while some rude ballad may commemorate the victim, and the next Thanksgiving sermon of the pastor of his native hamlet may attest his worth. If he survives, a grant of land, where land is almost worthless, and an approving resolution of Congress, are the only prizes in store for him,—save that greatest of all, the consciousness of having faithfully served his country.

The *tableaux* of Washington's life, however inadequately represented as yet in art, are too familiar to afford room for novel delineation to his biographer; and they differ from the prominent and dramatic events in other lives of warriors and statesmen by a latent significance and a prophetic interest that appeal to the heart more than to the eye. When we see the pyramids looming in the background of Vernet's canvas, the imagination is kindled by the association of Napoleon's victories with the mystical and far-away Egyptian land; but the idea of a successful hero, in the usual meaning of the term, of a distant campaign, of the spread of dominion, is dwarfed before the more sublime

idea of a nation's birth, a vindication of inalienable human rights, a consistent assertion of civil freedom and the overthrow of tyranny, suggested by the successive portraits so dear to the American heart;—first, the surveyor guiding his fragile raft over the turbulent Alleghany; then the intrepid *aide-de-camp*, rallying the fugitive army of Braddock; next the dignified commander, drawing the sword of freedom under the majestic shadow of the Cambridge elm; the baffled but undismayed leader, erect in the boat which shivers amid the floating ice of the Delaware, his calm eye fired with a bold and sagacious purpose; cheering his famished and ragged men in the wintry desolation of Valley Forge; then receiving the final surrender of the enemies of his country; in triumphal progress through a redeemed and rejoicing land; taking the oath as first President of the Republic; breathing his farewell blessings and monitions to his countrymen; dispensing, in peaceful retirement, the hospitalities of Mount Vernon; and at last followed to the tomb with the tearful benedictions of humanity! It is the absolute meaning, the wide scope, the glorious issue, and not the mere pictorial effect, that absorbs the mind intent on these historical pictures. They foreshadow and retrace a limitless perspective, fraught with the welfare, not only of our country, but of our race. In comparison with them, more dazzling and gorgeous illustrations of the life of nations are as evanescent in effect as the *mirage* that paints its dissolving views on the horizon, or as a pyrotechnic glare beside the stars of the firmament.

As we ponder the latest record of his life,* its method and luminous order excite a new conviction of the wonderful adaptation of the man to the exigency; and it is one of the great merits of the work that this impressive truth is more distinctly revealed by its pages than ever before. Not a trait of character but has especial reference to some emergency. The very faults of manner, as crude observers designate them, contribute to the influence, and thereby to the success, of the commander-in-chief. A man of sterner ambition would have risked all on some desperate encounter; a man of less self-respect would have perilled his authority, where military discipline was so imperfect, in attempts at conciliation; a man of less solid and more speculative mind would have compromised his prospects by inconsiderate arrangements; one less disinterested would have abandoned the cause from wounded self-love, and one less firm, from impatience and dismay; one whose life and motives could not bear the strictest scrutiny, would soon have

* Irving's Life of Washington.

forfeited confidence; and moral consistency and elevation could alone have fused the discordant elements and concentrated the divided spirit of the people. Above all, the felicitous balance of qualities, through a moderation almost superhuman, and never before so essential to the welfare of a cause, stamped the man for the mission. Not more obviously was the character of Moses adapted to the office of primeval lawgiver for the chosen people,—not more clearly do the endowments of Dante signalize him as the poet ordained to bridge with undying song the chasm which separates the Middle Age from modern civilization, than the mind, the manner, the disposition, the physical and spiritual gifts, and the principles of Washington proclaimed him the Heaven-appointed chief, magistrate, man of America. In the very calmness and good sense, the practical tone and moderate views, which make him such a contrast to the world's heroes, do we behold the evidence of this. What does he proclaim as the reward of victory? "The opportunity to become a respectable nation." Upon what is based his expectation of success? "I believe, or at least I hope, that there is public virtue enough left among us to deny ourselves everything but the bare necessities of life to accomplish this end." What are his private resources? "As I have found no better guide hitherto than upright intentions and close investigations, I shall adhere to those maxims while I keep the watch." This moderation has been fitly called *persuasive*, and this well-regulated mind justly declared "born for command." His reserve, too, was essential in such an anomalous condition of social affairs. Self-respect is the keystone of the arch of character; and it kept his character before the army and the people, his brother officers and his secret foes, the country and the enemy, firm, lofty, unassailable, free, authoritative,—like a planet, a mountain, a rock, one of the immutable facts of nature,—a Pharos to guide, a sublimity to awe, and an object of unsullied beauty to win by the force of spontaneous attraction. It is his distinction among national leaders, as has been well said by our foremost ethical writer, to have been "the centre of an enlightened people's confidence." The nature of the feeling he inspired among the troops may be inferred from the expression in a letter from the camp at White Plains, preserved in a gazette of the times: "Everything looks very favorable; a fine army of at least twenty thousand men in remarkably good health and spirits, *consummate wisdom, centred in a Washington*, to direct them, and *a determined spirit with the whole body to die or carry our purpose into effect*." His relation was obviously representative; he incarnated the highest

existent patriotism. His wisdom, not his genius, is thus recognised as the grand qualification. His own remark concerning Hamilton is singularly applicable to himself,—“His judgment was intuitively great;” and this was the intellectual endowment which justified to the good sense of the people the confidence which his integrity confirmed.

Another secret cause of this remarkable personal influence was self-restraint. There is no law of nature more subtle and profound than that whereby latent power is generated. The silent weight of the distant lake sends up the lofty jet, of the fountain; and the clouds are fed by innumerable particles of aërisome moisture. The electric force generated amid the balmy quietude of the summer noon, the avalanche slowly conglomerated from the downy snow-flakes, the universal process of vegetation, the vast equilibrium of gravity, the irresistible encroachment of the tide, and all broad and grand effects in the universe, are the reverse of violent, ostentatious, and fitful. By gradual development, harmonized activity, regular and progressive transitions, are enacted the most comprehensive functions of the physical world. A similar law obtains in character. The most expressive phrases in literature are the least rhetorical; the noblest acts in history are performed with the least mystery; true greatness is unconscious; “life,” says the wise German, “begins with renunciation;” silence is often more significant than speech; the eye of affection utters more with a glance than the most eloquent tongue; passion, curbed, becomes a motive force of incalculable energy; and feeling, subdued, penetrates the soul with a calm authority and the manner with an irresistible magnetism. Our instinct divines what is thus kept in abeyance by will with a profounder insight than the most emphatic exhibition could bring home through the senses. The true artist is conscious of this principle, and ever strives to hint to the imagination rather than to display before the eye. The poet, aware by intuition of this law, gives the clew, the composer the key-note, the philosopher the germinal idea, rather than a full and palpable exposition. In the moral world latent agencies are the most vital. If Washington had been the cold, impassive man those whom he treated objectively declared him to be, he could not have exercised the personal influence which, both in degree and in kind, has never been paralleled by merely human qualities. It was not to the correct and faithful yet insensible hero that men thus gave their veneration, but to one whose heart was as large and tender as his mind was sagacious and his will firm; the study of whose life it was to

control emotion; to whom reserve was the habit inspired by a sublime prudence; whose career was one of action, and over whose conscience brooded an ever-present sense of responsibility to God and man, to his country and his race, which encircled his anxious brow with the halo of a prophet rather than the laurel of a victor. He who knelt in tears by the death-bed of his step-daughter, who wrung his hands in anguish to behold the vain sacrifice of his soldiers, who threw his hat on the ground in mortification at their cowardly retreat, whose face was mantled with blushes when he attempted to reply to a vote of thanks, whose lips quivered when obliged to say farewell to his companions in arms, who embraced a brother officer in the transports of victory, and trembled with indignation when he rallied the troops of a faithless subaltern,—he could have preserved outward calmness only by inward conflict, and only by the self-imposed restraint of passion have exercised the authority of principle. When the cares of public duty were over, and the claims of official dignity satisfied, the affability of Washington was as conspicuous as his self-respect, his common sense and humane sentiments as obvious as his modesty and his heroism. The visitors at Mount Vernon, many of whom have recorded their impressions, included a singular variety of characters, from the courtier of Versailles to the farmer of New England, from the English officer to the Italian artist; and it is remarkable, that, various as are the terms in which they describe the illustrious host, a perfect identity in the portrait is obvious. They all correspond with the description of Chief Justice Marshall:—

“ His exterior created in the beholder the idea of strength, united with manly gracefulness. His person and whole deportment exhibited an unaffected and indescribable dignity, mingled with haughtiness, of which all who approached him were sensible; and the attachment of those who possessed his friendship and enjoyed his intimacy was ardent, but always respectful. His temper was humane, benevolent, and conciliatory; but there was a quickness in his sensibility to anything apparently offensive, which experience had taught him to correct.”

To a reflective mind there is something pathetic in the gravity so often noticed as a defect in Washington. It foreshadowed, in his youth, the great work before him, and it testified, in his manhood, to his deep sense of its obligations. It betokened that earnestness of purpose wherein alone rested the certainty of eventual success. It was the solemnity of thought and of conscience,

and assured the people that, aware of being the central point of their faith, the expositor of their noblest and best desires, the high-priest of national duty, it was not with the complacency of a proud, or the excitement of a vain, but with the awe of a thoroughly wise and honest man, that he felt the mighty trust and the perilous distinction. Let it never be forgotten that it was his task to establish a grand precedent, untried, unheralded, unforeseen in the world. Such experiments, in all spheres of labor and of study, lead the most vivacious men to think. In science, in art, and in philosophy, they breed pale and serious votaries. Such an ordeal chastened the ardent temper of Luther, knit the brow of Michael Angelo with furrows, and unnerved the frame of the starry Galileo. It is but a pledge of reality, of self-devotion, of intrepid will, therefore, that, with a long and arduous struggle for national life to guide and inspire, and the foundations of a new constitutional republic to lay, the chief and the statesman should cease even to smile, and grow pensive and stern in the face of so vast an enterprise, and under the weight of such measureless responsibilities.

The world has yet to understand the intellectual efficiency derived from moral qualities,—how the candor of an honest and the clearness of an unperverted mind attain results beyond the reach of mere intelligence and adroitness,—how conscious integrity gives both insight and directness to mental operations, and elevation above the plane of selfish motives affords a more comprehensive, and therefore a more available view of affairs, than the keenest examination based exclusively on personal ability. It becomes apparent, when illustrated by a life and its results, that the cunning of a Talleyrand, the military genius of a Napoleon, the fascinating qualities of a Fox, and other similar endowments of statesmen and soldiers, are essentially limited and temporary in their influence; whereas a good average intellect, sublimated by self-forgetting intrepidity, allies itself for ever to the central and permanent interests of humanity. The mind of Washington was eminently practical; his perceptive faculties were strongly developed; the sense of beauty and the power of expression, those endowments so large in the scholar and the poet, were the least active in his nature; but the observant powers whereby space is measured at a glance, and the physical qualities noted correctly,—the reflective instincts through which just ideas of facts and circumstances are realized,—the sentiment of order which regulates the most chaotic elements of duty and work, thus securing despatch and precision,—the openness to right impressions characteristic of an intellect, over which the visionary tendencies

of imagination cast no delusion, and whose chief affinity is for absolute truth,—these noble and efficient qualities eminently distinguished his mental organization, and were exhibited as its normal traits from childhood to age. To them we refer his prescience in regard to the agricultural promise of wild tracts, the future growth of localities, the improvement of estates, the facilities of communication, the adaptation of soils, and other branches of economics. By means of them he read character with extraordinary success. They led him to methodize his life and labors, to plan with wisdom and execute with judgment, to use the most appropriate terms in conversation and writing, to keep the most exact accounts, to seek useful information from every source, to weigh prudently and decide firmly, to measure his words and manner with singular adaptation to the company and the occasion, to keep tranquil within his own brain perplexities, doubts, projects, anxieties, cares, and hopes enough to bewilder the most capacious intellect and to sink the boldest heart. His mental features beam through his correspondence. We say this advisedly, notwithstanding the formal and apparently cold tenor of many of his letters; for so grand is the sincerity of purpose, so magnanimous the spirit, so patient, reverent, and devoted the sentiment underlying these brief and unadorned epistles, whether of business or courtesy, that a moral glow interfuses their plain and direct language, often noble enough to awaken a thrill of admiration, together with a latent pathos that starts tears in the reader of true sensibility. The unconsciousness of self, the consideration for others, the moderation in success, the calmness in disaster, the singleness of purpose, the heroic self-reliance, the immaculate patriotism, the sense of God and humanity, the wise, fearless, truthful soul that is thus revealed, in self-possessed energy in the midst of the heaviest responsibilities that ever pressed on mortal heart, with the highest earthly good in view, and the most complicated obstacles around,—serene, baffled, yet never overcome, and never oblivious of self-respect or neglectful of the minutest details of official and personal duty,—is manifest to our consciousness as we read, and we seem to behold the benign and dignified countenance of the writer through the transparent medium of his unpretending letters. Compare, as illustrations of character, the authenticity of which is beyond dispute, the correspondence of Washington and that between Napoleon and his brother Joseph, recently published at Paris. All the romance of spurious memoirs, all the dazzling *prestige* of military genius, fails to obviate the impression the emperor's own pen conveys, in the honest utterance of fraternal correspondence, of his

obtuse egotism, arrogant self-will, and heartless ambition. In Washington's letters, whether expostulating, in the name of our common humanity, with Gage, striving to reconcile Schuyler to the mortifications of a service he threatened to quit in disgust, freely describing his own trials to Reed, pleading with Congress for supplies, directing the management of his estate from amid the gloomy cares of the camp, acknowledging a gift from some foreign nobleman, or a copy of verses from poor Phillis Wheatley, the same perspicuity and propriety, wisdom and kindness, self-respect and remembrance of every personal obligation, are obvious.

The eloquent biographer of Goethe has aptly compared the agency of strong passions to the torrents which leave ribs of granite to mark their impetuous course, and significantly adds: "There are no whirlpools in shallows." How much nobler the sustaining and concentrative result of these turbulent elements becomes when they are governed and guided by will and conscience, the character of Washington singularly illustrates; and "passion, when in a state of solemn and omnipotent vehemence, always appears to be calmness." These considerations enable us to reconcile what is apparently incongruous in the reports of different observers who have attempted to describe Washington's manner, aspect, and disposition. Thus we are told by one of his intimate companions, that he was "more free and open in his behavior at levee than in private, and in the company of ladies than when solely with men;" and by another, that "hard, important, and laborious service had given a kind of austerity to his countenance and reserve to his manner, yet he was the kindest of husbands, the most humane of masters, the steadiest of friends." One speaks of his large hand, in token of practical efficiency; one, of his personal attention to an invited guest; one, of his sagacious observations, in travelling, upon the facilities for internal communication or agriculture, suggested by the face of the country; and another of his avoidance of personal subjects in conversation. But in our view, some of the most striking tributes to the gradual but absolute recognition of his character are to be found in the contemporary public journals. Thus a London paper of February, 1784, says: "His circular letter to the army was read at a coffee-house not very distant from the Royal Exchange; every hearer was full of the writer's praises; in composition it was said to be equal to anything of ancient or modern date." Subsequently, another popular English journal holds this language: "Whenever the shock of accident shall have so far operated on

the policy of America as to have systematized and settled her government, it is obvious that the dictator, protector, stadtholder, or by whatever name the chief magistrate so appointed shall be called, will be General Washington." His retirement established the purity of his motives; and a Dublin print, dated the same year with our first extract, said:—

"There are few so blinded by prejudice, as to deny such a degree of merit to the American general, as to place him in a very distinguished point of view; but even those who have been accustomed to view him as the most illustrious character of this or any other age, will be astonished by the following instance of his integrity, which we give from the most unquestionable authority. When General Washington accepted the command of the American army, he rejected all pecuniary reward or pay whatever, and only stipulated for the reimbursement of such sums as he might expend in the public service. Accordingly, at the conclusion of the war, he gave in to Congress the whole of his seven years' expenditure, which only amounted to sixteen thousand pounds Pennsylvania currency, or ten thousand pounds sterling. In the eyes of our modern British generals the above circumstance will appear totally incredible; at least, they will deem Mr. Washington little better than a fool; for, if we judge from certain accounts, ten thousand pounds would scarcely have answered the demands of a commander-in-chief at New York a single month."

These items, taken at random from the newspapers of his day, serve to make us understand how the man whose cautious generalship provoked the ridicule of Lord Howe's soldiers at the opening of the war, and whose firmness in resisting the French alliance awoke a storm of detraction from the Jeffersonian democracy at a later period, lived down aspersion, and became, by the evidence of facts, the acknowledged exemplar of human worth and wisdom described by his last and best biographer.

His moral serenity, keeping reflection intact and forethought vigilant, is nobly manifest in the deliberate process through which, by gradual and therefore earnest conviction, he came to a decision when the difficulties between the mother country and her colonies were pending. Not one of the leading patriots of the Revolution ranged himself under its banner with more conscientious and rational motives. The same disposition is evident in his hesitation to accept the command, from that self-distrust which invariably marks a great and therefore modest soul; in his subsequent calmness in defeat and sobriety in victory; in the unexaggerated

view he took of the means and his disinterested view of the ends of the momentous struggle; in the humility of spirit with which he assumed the reins of Government when called to do so by the popular suffrage; in his uniform deference to the authority of all representative assemblies; in the prescient warnings of his parting address; in the unostentatious and simple habits that followed him into retirement, and in the unfaltering trust which gave dignity to his last hour. This normal characteristic of his nature, this being ever "nobler than his mood," is what preëminently distinguishes him from the galaxy of patriots, statesmen, and warriors, whose names are blazoned in history; for the copious rhetoric of modern republicans, the fiery and yet often compromised pride of Paoli, the selfish instincts of Marlborough, the heartless ambition of Napoleon, were never long concealed, even from the eye kindled with admiration at their prowess. Washington seems not for a moment to have forgotten his responsibility to God and his fellow-creatures; and this deep sentiment permeated his whole nature,—proof against all excitement, illusion, and circumstance. When he overheard a little boy exclaim, as the procession in his honor passed through the streets, "Why, father, General Washington is only a man!" the illustrious guest paused in his triumphal march, looked with thoughtful interest on the child, and, patting him on the head, replied, "That's all, my little fellow, that's all." He was, indeed, one of the few heroes who never forgot his humanity, its relations, obligations, dependence, and destiny; and herein was at once his safeguard and his glory.

These facts of character were viewed by distant and illustrious men in relation to their own experience; yet, diverse as may be the inference of each, a like feeling of admiration, and a testimony equally sincere and emphatic, signalize every tribute to the unparalleled and inestimable worth of Washington in the annals of humanity. The popular statesman, who had become familiar with the deadly aspersions of party hatred, wondered that so many inimical eyes intent upon a career exposed to the keenest personal criticism, failed to discover and fix one stain upon the reputation of the man, the statesman, or the soldier. This "excites astonishment," said Fox. The splendid advocate, who knew how the spell of official dignity was broken to the vision of those near the sceptre and the ermine, recorded, as an isolated fact in his knowledge of mankind, that Washington alone inspired him with the unmodified sentiment of veneration. "For you only," writes Erskine, "do I feel an awful reverence." The incident of his career which impressed the most renowned soldier of the age was characteris-

tic at once of the limited scope and the enthusiasm of military genius. The bold and successful passage of the Delaware, and the surprise of the Hessians, awakened in Frederic of Prussia the sympathy and high appreciation which he manifested by the gift of a sword, with an inscription exclusively in praise of Washington's generalship. The moderation of his nature, the heroic balance of soul, whereby elation was kept in abeyance in the hour of success, not less nobly than despair in the day of misfortune, attracted the French philosopher, habituated as he was, in the history of his own nation, to the association of warlike and civic fame with the extremes of zeal and indifference, of violence and caprice. In his estimation, the good sense and moral consistency of Washington and his compatriots naturally offered the most remarkable problem. Accordingly, Guizot bears witness chiefly to this unprecedented union of comprehensive designs and prudential habits, of aspiration and patience, in the character of Washington, and, doubtless through the contrast with the restless ambition which marks the lives of his own illustrious countrymen, is mainly struck with the fact, that, while "capable of rising to the level of the highest destiny, he might have lived in ignorance of his real power without suffering from it." The Italian patriot, obliged to vent his love of country in terse dramatic colloquies and through the lips of dead heroes, is thrilled with the grand possibilities of action, through the realization of his sentiments by achievement, opened to Washington. "*Felice voi,*" exclaims Alfieri, in his dedication of his "*Bruto Primo*" to the republican chief,—"*felice voi che alla tanta gloria avete potuto dare base sublime ed eterna,—l'amor della patria dimostrato coi fatti.*" Even the poor Indians, so often cajoled out of their rights as to be thoroughly incredulous of good faith among the pale-faces, made him an exception to their rooted distrust. "The white men are bad," said an aboriginal chief in his council speech, "and cannot dwell in the region of the Great Spirit, *except Washington.*" And Lord Brougham, in a series of analytical biographies of the renowned men of the last and present century, which indicate a deep study and philosophical estimate of human greatness, closes his sketch of Washington by the emphatic assertion, that the test of the progress of mankind will be their appreciation of his character.

Is not the absence of brilliant mental qualities one of the chief benefactions to man of Washington's example? He conspicuously illustrated a truth in the philosophy of life, often appreciated in the domestic circle and the intimacies of private society, but rarely in history,—the genius of character, the absolute

efficiency of the will and the sentiments independently of extraordinary intellectual gifts. Not that these were not superior also in the man; but it was through their alliance with moral energy, and not by virtue of any transcendent and intrinsic force in themselves, that he was great. It requires no analytical insight to distinguish between the traits which insured success and renown to Washington, and those whereby Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon, achieved their triumphs; and it is precisely because the popular heart so clearly and universally beholds in the American hero the simple majesty of truth, the power of moral consistency, the beauty and grandeur of disinterestedness and magnanimity, that his name and fame are inexpressibly dear to humanity. Never before nor since has it been so memorably demonstrated that unselfish devotion and patient self-respect are the great reconciling principles of civic as well as of social and domestic life; that they are the nucleus around which all the elements of national integrity, however scattered and perverted, inevitably crystallize; that men thus severely true to themselves and duty, become, not dazzling meteors to lure armies to victory, nor triumphant leaders to dazzle and win mankind to the superstitious abrogation of their rights, but oracles of public faith, representatives of what is highest in our common nature, and therefore an authority which it is noble and ennobling to recognise. The appellative so heartily, and by common instinct, bestowed upon Washington, is a striking proof of this, and gives a deep significance to the beautiful idea, that "Providence left him childless, that his country might call him—Father."

2

PORTRAITS
OF
WASHINGTON.

*“A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal
To give the world assurance of a man.”*

Mount Vernon Sep^r 25. 1785.

Dear Sir,

Amid the public gratulations on your safe return to America, after a long absence, and the many eminent services you have rendered it - for which as a benefted person I feel the obligation - permit an individual to join the public voice in expressing his sense of them; and to assure you that as no one entertains more respect for your character, so none can salute you with more sincerity, or with greater pleasure than I do on the occasion.

I am - Dear Sir

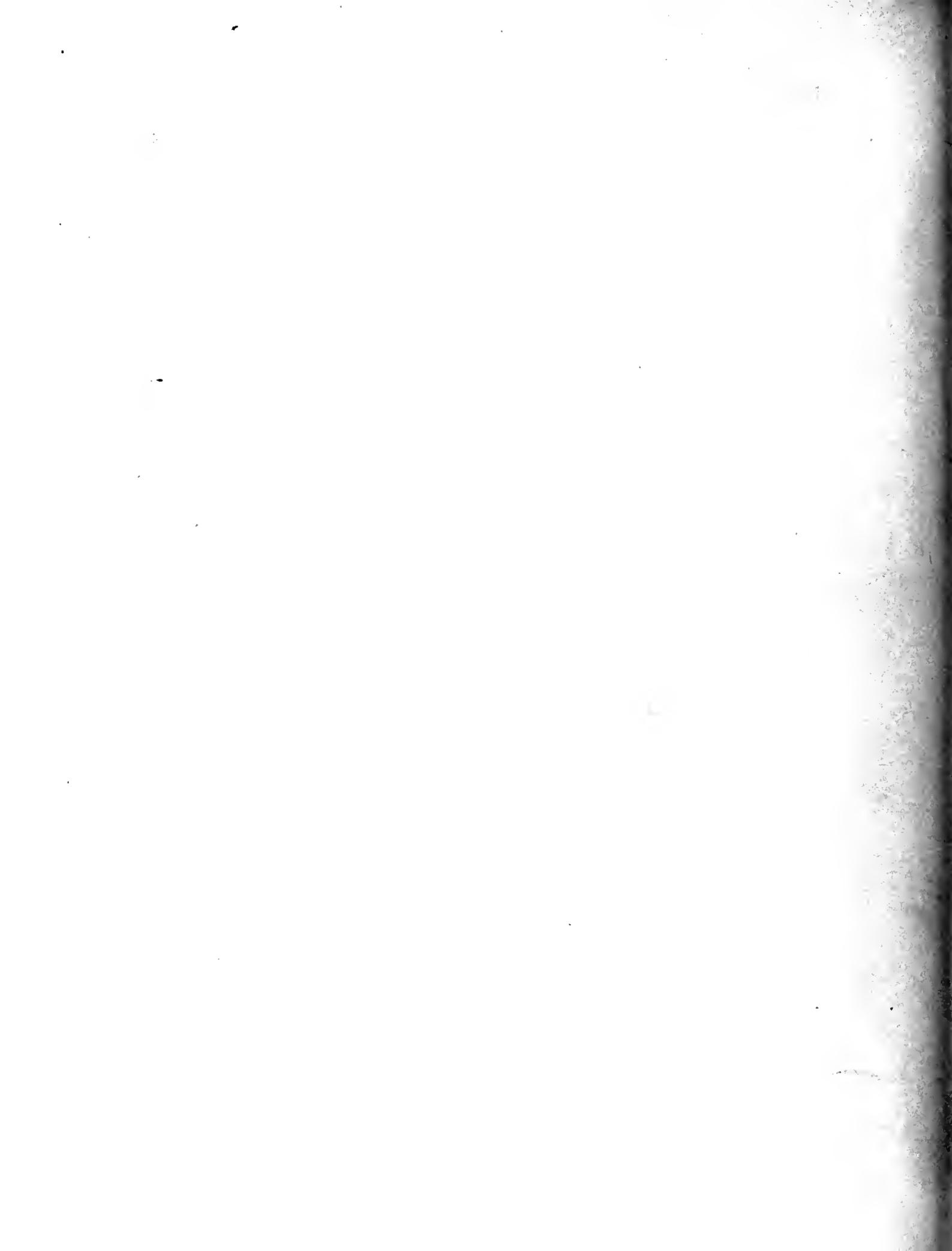
Y^r Most Obed^t and

Most Affection^t

Friend

The Hon^{ble}

Doct^r Franklin.



32

PORTRAITS OF WASHINGTON.

IN how many shapes and with what extreme degrees of truth and skill has the familiar countenance of Washington been presented in Art;—as a Virginia colonial officer by Peale, a venerable statesman by Stuart, a military hero by Trumbull; in Roman and American equestrian statues by Canova, Crawford, Mills and Brown; upright in classic drapery by Chantrey; half nude, seated with uplifted hand and sheathed sword, by Greenough; in crayon profile by Sharpless; in severe repose, with laurelled brow, in the heroic bust of Ceracchi, and the medallion drawing by Madame de Brelièn; in a dramatic and adventurous phase, by Leutze; on a graceful and spirited horse, by Sully; as a noble boy, in a fine cabinet picture, by Inman; as an American gentleman by Pine; and in exquisite miniatures by several artists; add to these and other notable portraitures, the countless inferior and less original effigies of Washington, and it is obvious that whatever is left to desire in regard to quality, there is no want in point of number. All over the land, at the close of the war, his beloved image was substituted on banner, seal, parlor wall, journal, and bank note, for royal physiognomies; and Rip Van Winkle was not the only conservative absentee, who incredulously rubbed his eyes at the appearance of our republican chief on the tavern sign so long radiant with a kingly visage. In every museum in America, his majestic figure stood prominent among the wax groups on which children gazed with delight, solemn in black velvet, ruffles, and hair-powder; grotesque transparencies on festal nights, Liverpool ware, primitive magazines, the figure-heads of ships, the panels of coaches, and engraved buttons, rude cotton prints, and melancholy samplers,—every object in the economy of trade and domestic life, was decorated, more or less truthfully, with that endeared and hal-

lowed countenance now appropriately forming the postage stamp of the nation, which thus coming hourly before the American vision, ought to reform, by its silent monition, political varlets and degenerate citizens. I examined recently a fan, the faded hues of which dimly reflected many a vanished gala, the heirloom in a family, one of whose departed belles sported it at the first Inauguration ball; between the hinges and paper covering, is a little medallion head of Washington. This curious memorial was one of the agreeable surprises which the committee of management, on that celebrated occasion, prepared for the guests; the fans were manufactured in Paris and one given to each lady, by an usher, as she entered the ball-room.

It is one of the penalties of distinction to be misrepresented not only by the tongue and the press, but in art; all modern heroes must go through the ordeal of caricature; and when the Duke of Wellington died it was truly said a serious loss to the capital of Punch occurred in being deprived of his nose. The artistic maltreatment, however, that Washington received was involuntary and intended to do him honor. The sentiment of reverence was never more universal towards a living man.

With his love of order, his habits of activity and command, and the incessant demands upon his time, sitting for his portrait was wearisome and inconvenient; he had cheerfully accorded the favor to Peale, Trumbull, and Stuart; but, at length, grew impatient at an infliction which often originated not less in selfish motives than a complimentary design. This feeling is manifested in a letter to Lee, Governor of Virginia, dated at Philadelphia, in July, 1792: "Your letter," he says, "of the 20th ult. was presented to me by Mr. Williams, who, as a professional man, may or may not be, for aught I know, a luminary of the first magnitude. But to be frank, and I hope you will not be displeased with me for being so, I am so heartily tired of the attendance which, from one cause or another, has been given to these people, that it is now more than two years since I have resolved to sit no more for any of them, and have adhered to it, except in instances when it has been requested by public bodies, or for a particular purpose (not of the painter), and could not without offence be refused. I have been led to make this resolution for another reason besides the irksomeness of sitting, which is, that these productions have, in my estimation, been made use of as a sort of tax on individuals by being engraved, and that badly, and hawked about, or advertised for sale." The latter objection is attested by

the wretched cuts affixed to early American periodicals and other works, with the name of Washington beneath.*

More emphatically but in a vein of humor rare with him, the same dislike of this ordeal is expressed in his well-known letter to Francis Hopkinson in reply to the latter's application for a portrait by Pine: "At first I was impatient at the request, and as restive under the operation as a colt is under the saddle. The next time I submitted very reluctantly, but with less flouncing. Now no dray horse moves more readily to the thill than I to the painter's chair."

Artists sketched him when attending worship at Trinity Church, New York; reviewing troops; or holding levees in Philadelphia. When the news of his death thrilled the land with grief, a funeral badge was universally worn, stamped with his lineaments; and they were associated with those of Lafayette on escutcheon, scarf, and flag, during the memorable visit of that noble volunteer in the cause of American freedom. When we have ranged the crowded galleries of Versailles, and traced on Vernet's interminable canvas, the victories of France, with what fresh majesty beam those well-known features amid the melodramatic panorama of wars that yielded no freedom and heroes whose fame either ambition or cruelty sullied! Near the Humber, on one of the fine estates of the English nobility, his portrait is to be seen among family memorials, where he

* One of the largest collections of these Washingtonian prints is in the possession of Mr. J. B. Moreau, of New York. So diverse are they from each other in expression, feature, and costume, that it is difficult to believe they were intended to represent the same individual; the dates, inscriptions, style of execution, etc., however, make them curious and valuable as current historical illustrations. There is one after a professed original by a French artist, and which, although executed "on account of remarks by Lavater," would not be recognised as intended for Washington. In a composition portrait by another, made for Lafayette—the negro and horse, documents and trees are quite melodramatic; and the face of the hero of the scene is so elongated and indicative of a lymphatic temperament, that Peale's portrait—from which it was doubtless borrowed—is with difficulty traced. Other engravings are from medallions of Madame de Brehèn, after Houdon and Stuart's variously caricatured; one by a German of Darmstadt, has the hair flying and a wildness in the eye; one has a palm-tree as an accessory; Trumbull is followed somewhat; of some it is impossible to conjecture the originals; many of the French are wholly imaginary; here we recognise the Sharpless profile, there the Stuart mouth; probably many of the German are from sketches by officers drawn from recollection; the best, as an engraving and a likeness, is the proof impression from the engraving of Stuart's *Athenaeum* portrait, by Andrews.

owns an ancestral place: and an old officer of Napoleon in Italy, assured me that he could find but two busts for his villa-garden that awoke sentiments of unmixed pleasure, and these he ever contemplated with delight and awe—they were Michael Angelo and George Washington.

It is therefore impossible to enumerate and describe all the portraits of Washington which, for various reasons, artistic, historical, and incidental, have a value and interest. Almost every American painter at all skilled in portraiture, has tried his hand with more or less success, in reproducing the features of the matchless chief; in almost every city in America there are representations of him claimed to be original. We can but note some of the more important facts relating to the subject, and refer more particularly to those efforts, both original and copied, which have obtained a good degree of popularity or importance.

The earliest portraits of Washington are more interesting, perhaps, as memorials than as works of art; and we can easily imagine that associations endeared them to his old comrades. The dress (blue coat, scarlet facings, and under-clothes) of the first portrait by Peale, and the youthful face, make it suggestive of the first experience of the future commander, when, exchanging the surveyor's implements for the colonel's commission, he bivouacked in the wilderness of Ohio, the leader of a motley band of hunters, provincials, and savages, to confront wily Frenchmen, cut forest roads, and encounter all the perils of Indian ambush, inclement skies, undisciplined followers, famine, and woodland skirmish. It recalls his calm authority and providential escape amid the dismay of Braddock's defeat, and his pleasant sensation at the first whistling of bullets in the weary march to Fort Necessity. To CHARLES WILSON PEALE, we owe this precious relic of the chieftain's youth. His own career partook of the vicissitudes and was impressed with the spirit of the revolutionary era; a captain of volunteers at the battles of Trenton and Germantown, and a State representative of Pennsylvania, a favorite pupil of West, an ingenious mechanician and a warrior, he always cherished the instinct and the faculty for art; and even amid the bustle and duties of the camp, never failed to seize auspicious intervals of leisure, to depict his brother officers. This portrait was executed in 1772, and is now at Arlington House. The original study for this portrait is now in the possession of Charles Ogden, Esq., of Philadelphia.*

* "Washington was then a colonel in the Alexandria militia, and the picture in the Mt. Vernon collection represents him in the English uniform, blue and red. I am under the impression that

The resolution of Congress by which a portrait by this artist was ordered, was passed before the occupation of Philadelphia. Its progress marks the vicissitudes of the revolutionary struggle; commenced in the gloomy winter and half-famished encampment at Valley Forge, in 1778, the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth intervened before its completion. The picture was finished at Princeton, and Nassau Hall is a prominent object in the background; but Congress adjourned without making an appropriation, and it remained in the artist's hands. Lafayette desired a copy for the King of France; and Peale executed one in 1779, which was sent to Paris; but the misfortunes of the royal family occasioned its sale, and it became the property of the Count de Menon, who brought it again to this country and presented it to the National Institute, where it is now preserved. Of the first portrait Chapman made two copies at a thousand dollars each; and Dr. Craik, one of the earliest and warmest personal friends of Washington, their commissions as officers in the French war having been signed on the same day (1754), declared the second a most faithful likeness of him as he appeared in the prime of his life.*

There is a tradition in the Peale family, honorably represented through several generations, by public spirit and artistic gifts, that intelligence of one of the most important triumphs of the American arms was received by Washington in a despatch he opened while sitting to Wilson Peale for a miniature intended for his wife, who was also present. The scene occurred one fine summer after-

your picture was the first study for the larger one—now at Arlington, which was finished at Mt. Vernon, and that my father subsequently (during the war of Independence), changed the dress to the Continental costume, notwithstanding that in our catalogues of the Museum Gallery, this portrait has always been called Col. G. Washington.”—Letter of Rembrandt Peale to Chas. S. Ogden, Esq.

* *PHILADELPHIA*, Feb. 4.—His Excellency General Washington set off from this city to join the army in New Jersey. During the course of his short stay, the only relief he has enjoyed from service since he first entered it, he has been honored with every mark of esteem, etc. The Council of this State being desirous of having his picture in full length, requested his sitting for that purpose, which he politely complied with, and a striking likeness was taken by Mr. Peale of this city. The portrait is to be placed in the council chamber. Don Juan Marrailes, the Minister of France, has ordered five copies, four of which, we hear, are to be sent abroad.—*Penn. Packet*, Feb. 11, 1779. Peale's first portrait was executed for Col. Alexander; his last is now in the Bryan Gallery, New York. He painted one in 1776 for John Hancock, and besides that for New Jersey, others for Pennsylvania and Maryland.

noon; and there is something attractive to the fancy in the association of this group quietly occupied in one of the most beautiful of the arts of peace, and in a commemorative act destined to gratify conjugal love and a nation's pride, with the progress of a war and the announcement of a victory fraught with that nation's liberty and that leader's eternal renown.

The characteristic traits of Peale's portraits of Washington now at the National Institute and Arlington House, and the era of our history and of Washington's life they embalm, make them doubly valuable in a series of pictorial illustrations, each of which, independent of the degree of professional skill exhibited, is essential to our Washingtonian gallery. Before Trumbull and Stuart had caught from the living man his aspect in maturity and age—the form knit to athletic proportions by self-denial and activity, and clad in the garb of rank and war, and the countenance open with truth and grave with thought, yet rounded with the contour and ruddy with the glow of early manhood—it was thus genially delineated by the hand of a comrade, and in the infancy of native art. Of the fourteen portraits by Peale, that exhibiting Washington as a Virginia colonel in the militia of Alexandria, is the only entire portrait before the revolution extant.* One was painted for the college of New Jersey, at Princeton, in 1780, to occupy a frame in which a portrait of George the Third had been destroyed by a cannon ball during the battle at that place on the 3d of January, 1777. It still remains in the possession of the College, and was saved fortunately from the fire which a few years ago consumed Nassau Hall. Peale's last portrait of Washington, executed in 1796, he retained until his death, and two years since, it was sold with the rest of the collection known as the "Peale Gallery," at Philadelphia. There is a pencil sketch also by this artist, framed with the wood of the tree in front of the famous Chew's house, around which centred the battle of Germantown.†

A few octogenarians in the city of brotherly love, used to speak, not many years since, of a diminutive family, the head of which manifested the sensitive temperament, if not the highest capabilities of artistic genius. This was ROBERT

* A miniature, said to have been painted in 1757, at the age of 25, is noticed elsewhere.

† "The Editor of the *Cincinnati Enquirer* was lately shown a pencil sketch of General Washington, taken from life by Charles Wilson Peale, in the year 1777. It was framed from a part of the elm-tree then standing in front of Chew's house, on the Germantown battle-ground, and the frame was made by a son of Dr. Craley, of Revolutionary fame."

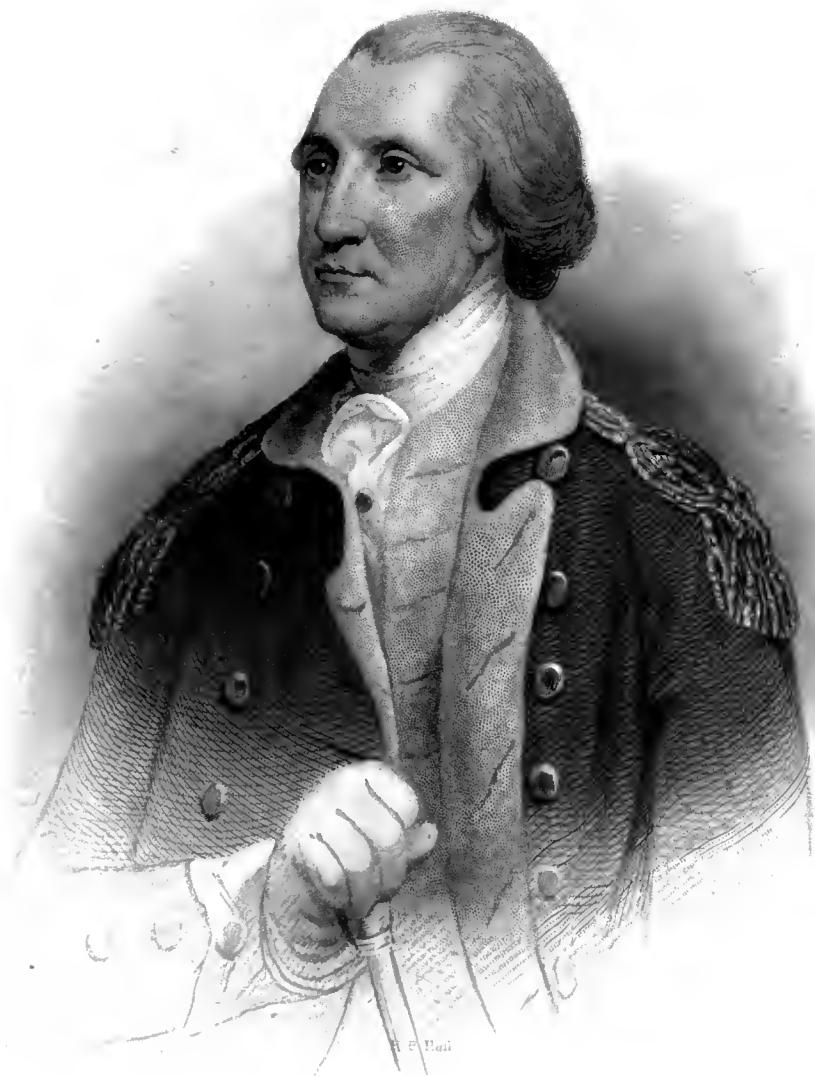
EDGE PINE. He brought to America the earliest cast of the *Venus de' Medici*, which was privately exhibited to the select few—the manners and morals of the Quaker city forbidding its exposure to the common eye. He was considered a superior colorist, and was favorably introduced into society in Philadelphia by his acknowledged sympathy for the American cause, and by a grand project such as was afterwards partially realized by Trumbull; that of a series of historical paintings, illustrative of the American Revolution, to embrace original portraits of the leaders, both civil and military, in that achievement, including the statesmen who were chiefly instrumental in framing the Constitution and organizing the Government. He brought a letter of introduction to the father of the late Judge Hopkinson, whose portrait he executed, and its vivid tints and correct resemblance still attest to his descendants the ability of the painter. He left behind him in London, creditable portraits of George the Second, Garrick, and the Duke of Northumberland. In the intervals of his business as a teacher of drawing and a votary of portraiture in general, he collected, from time to time, a large number of "distinguished heads," although, as in the case of Cerracchi, the epoch and country were unfavorable to his ambitious project; of these portraits the heads of General Gates, Charles Carroll, Baron Steuben, and Washington, are the best known and most highly prized. Pine remained three weeks at Mount Vernon, and his portrait bequeathes some features with great accuracy; artists find in it certain merits not discoverable in those of a later date; it has the permanent interest of a representation from life, by a painter of established reputation; yet its tone is cold and its effect unimpressive, beside the more bold and glowing pencil of Stuart. It has repose and dignity. The late venerable widow of Alexander Hamilton declared that it revived to her mind the image of Washington more satisfactorily than any other portrait. In his letter to Washington, asking his coöperation in the design he meditated, Pine says, "I have been some time at Annapolis painting the portraits of patriots, legislators, heroes, and beauties, in order to adorn my large picture;" and he seems to have commenced his enterprise with sanguine hopes of one day accomplishing his object, which, however, it was reserved for a native artist eventually to complete. That his appeal to Washington was not neglected, however, is evident from an encouraging allusion to Pine and his scheme, in the correspondence of the former. "Mr. Pine," he says, "has met a favorable reception in this country, and may, I conceive, command as much business as he pleases. He is now preparing mate-

rials for historical representations of the most important events of the war."* Pine's picture is in the possession of the Hopkinson family at Philadelphia. The fac-simile of Washington's letter proves that it was taken in 1785. A large copy† was purchased at Montreal, in 1817, by the late Henry Brevoort, of New York, and is now in the possession of his son, J. Carson Brevoort, at Bedford, L. I.

The reader of Haydon's autobiography will remember the awkward predicament in which that egotistic but impassioned devotee of "high art," found himself, when attempting to take a cast in plaster, from the person of a Herculean model, whom he nearly suffocated by the experiment. To the same crude process was the head of our august chief submitted in 1783. Franklin introduced to him, by letter, a Bordentown gentleman—Joseph Wright, who painted both his wife and himself at Rocky Hill, near Princeton, in that year, and afterwards etched a profile of the latter from his own drawing. Both portraits were thought successful; and Congress, then sitting in Philadelphia, with the intention of securing a statue, employed this artist to take a mould, in plaster of Paris, of Washington's face. We have heard a young sculptor, employed to perform the same operation upon the spiritual countenance of Allston, after his decease, describe the awe which made him shrink and tremble, as in the lonely chamber of death, he approached the cold form of him he had revered in life, and endeavored gently, and with pious care, to fulfil the task. The solemn beauty of the features, which the destroyer had only sculptured into more ethereal lines, seemed to reproach his touch as profanation, and it was long before he could summon the needful self-control to go through with his melancholy duty. Not less disconcerted was Wright, notwithstanding the free consent of Washington, when he covered his face with wet plaster; indeed, the trepidation of the operator, caused him, in removing the mould, to let it fall, and although utterly ruined, the President declined subjecting himself again to the unpleasant ordeal. A letter to this artist, in reference to a portrait he executed for the Count de Solms, illustrates the desire for military fame which was an instinctive and an hereditary trait of Washington's character, apparent in his eagerness to take part, when quite young, in frontier warfare, and subsequently in Braddock's expedition, notwithstanding his mother's remonstrances, to which, in all other interests, he was ever obedient. After directing the painter to forward his bill,

* Sparks's Writings of Washington.

† Believed to be the original.



Engraving from life by David Martin the 1st
Engraver of the Royal Academy of Design.

London 1770. J. D. Waller.



he adds: "You will not be deficient in execution, as the Count designs this for his gallery of military characters."

But the most interesting work of this artist is a portrait of Washington, executed for Mrs. Elizabeth Powell *née* Willing, of Philadelphia. This lady was an intimate friend of the first President, as his familiar letters to her on subjects of general and personal concern, and to her husband on agricultural matters, evidence. To her he sold his carriage-horses, upon leaving Philadelphia for Mount Vernon; and a characteristic note from his hand, points out their merits, breed, and training; while another, excusing himself for not accompanying her to the circus, is one among the many indications of the charm he always found in observing this noble animal, of which his mastery was complete, and his knowledge remarkable. This picture came by direct inheritance into the possession of John Hare Powell, the nephew of Mrs. Powell, and is now owned by that gentleman's son, at whose house in Newport, I lately had the pleasure of examining it. It bears date, Philadelphia, 1784. There is something at once inelegant and truthful in the impression it conveys; no attempt is visible to modify the somewhat unsymmetrical torso, or to give artificial ease to the attitude; it strikes the beholder as a most honest but wholly unembellished portrait, one of those bold, faithful imitations of nature, whose very lack of ideal finish, yields *prima facie* proof of authenticity. The attitude is erect, the lips closed with determination, the eye clear and unfaltering, the hair shorter than in any other portrait, and the nose so distinctly outlined and decided in its form, as to claim special notice. Perhaps no portrait of Washington bears such convincing marks of genuine individuality, without a particle of artistic flattery. There is something honest in the mere look of the right hand; resolution and great calmness are the predominant traits; the fastidious spectator might call it a daub, while the discriminating would feel it must be a likeness. Such, it appears, was the general verdict of Washington's contemporaries, many of the most distinguished of whom were constant visitors of Mrs. Powell, in whose drawing-room this highly-valued picture of their revered friend, occupied a conspicuous place. Bushrod Washington, in particular, always spoke of it as the most literal similitude of his great kinsman.

During Crawford's last visit to America, we induced him to examine this portrait. It boasted, indeed, no elegance, arrangement, or refinement of execution. At a glance it was evident that the artist had but a limited sense of beauty,

and lacked imagination; but, on the other hand, he possessed what, for a sculptor's object—facts of form and feature—is more important—consciencee. Crawford declared this was the only portrait of Washington which literally represented his costume; having recently examined the uniform, sword, etc., he was enabled to identify the strands of the epaulette, the number of buttons, and even the peculiar seal and watch-key. An artist so faithful to details, so devoted to authenticity, Crawford argued, was to be relied on in more essential things. He remarked that one of his own greatest difficulties, in the equestrian statue, had been to reconeile the shortness of the neck in Stuart's portrait and Houdon's statue (the body of which was not taken from life) with the stature of Washington—there being an anatomical ineongruity therein. "I had determined," he continued, "to follow what the laws of Nature and all preeedent indicate as the right proportion—otherwise it would be impossible to make a graceful and impressive statue; but in this picture, bearing such remarkable evidence of authenticity, I find the correct distance between chin and breast."

In 1772, an Italian sculptor, of low stature, trim figure, very blue beard, and piercing black eyes, was kindly received in London by Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose bust he executed. He had been employed by the Pope in conjunction with Canova in designing sculpture for the Pantheon, and now sought occupation in England, but found a too limited demand therefor; he however sculptured the two figures at the end of the Strand front of Somerset House, and made a full length statue of Mrs. Seymour Damer, so praised by Walpole as the Muse of Sculpture. Guiseppe Ceracchi was born in Corsica.* When quite a yonth he went to Rome to become a sculptor, and in 1800 had attained a rank equal to Canova's, with whom he had studied as well as worked. When his great countryman became master of Italy, Ceracchi, fired with republican enthusiasm, hastened to Milan and offered to execute his statue. The arrangement was made, but never realized; for on his return to Rome the artist was absorbed in politieal interests, and became an aetive friend of the transitory Roman Republic of 1798. On the return of the French, he was compelled to seek refuge in Paris.

A native of that island in the Mediterranean with whieh the *vendetta* is his-

* So stated in the latest French Biographical Dictionary,—though according to contemporary authorities a native of Rome.

torically identified, he was by birth and temperament a melancholy enthusiast, whose thirst for the ideal was deepened by a morbid tenacity of purpose and sensitiveness of heart;—a form of character peculiar to Italy; in its voluptuous phase illustrated by Petrarch, in its stoical by Alfieri, and in its combination of patriotic and tender sentiments by Foscolo's "Letters of Jacopo Ortis." The political confusion that reigned in Europe, for a time seriously interfered with the pursuit of art; and this was doubtless a great motive with him for visiting America; but not less inciting was the triumph of freedom, of which that land had recently become the scene—a triumph that so enlisted the sympathies and fired the imagination of the republican sculptor, that he designed a grand national monument, commemorative of American Independence, and sought the patronage of the newly organized government in its behalf. Washington, individually, favored his design, and the model of the proposed work received the warm approval of competent judges; but taste for art, especially for grand monumental statuary, was quite undeveloped on this side of the Atlantic, and the recipient of Papal orders found little encouragement in a young republic, too busy in laying the foundation of her civil polity, to give much thought to any memorials of her nascent glory. It was, however, but a question of time. His purpose is even now in the process of achievement. Washington's native State voluntarily undertook the enterprise for which the general government, in its youth, was inadequate; and it was auspiciously reserved for a native artist, and a single member of the original confederacy, to embody, in a style worthy of more than Italian genius, the grand conception of a representative monument, with Washington in a colossal equestrian statue as the centre, and the Virginia patriots and orators of the Revolution, grouped around his majestic figure. Ceraehi, however, in aid of his elaborate project, executed the only series of marble portraiture from life of the renowned founders of the national government: his busts of Hamilton, Jay, Trumbull, and Governor George Clinton, were long the prominent ornaments of the Academy of Fine Arts, in New York; the latter, especially, was remarkable, both in regard to its resemblance to the original, and as a work of art. His most important achievement, however, was a bust of Washington, generally considered the most perfect representation of the man and the hero combined, after Stuart's and Houdon's master-pieces. It is in the heroic style, with a fillet. The fate of this valuable effigy was singular. It was purchased by the Spanish Ambassador, as a gift to the Prince of the Peace, then at the height of his

power at Madrid; before the bust reached Spain, Godoy was exiled, and the minister recalled, who, on his arrival, transferred it, unpacked, to Richard Meade, Esq., of Philadelphia, in whose family it remained until two years ago, when, at the administrator's sale of that gentleman's fine collection of paintings, it was purchased by Governeur Kemble, and can now be seen at his hospitable mansion, on the banks of the Hudson. Another of Ceracchi's busts of Washington is in the possession of Williams Middleton, Esq., of Middleton Place, S. Carolina.

The zeal of Ceracchi in his cherished purpose, is indicated by the assurance he gave Dr. Hugh Williamson—the historian of North Carolina, and author of the earliest work on the American climate, and one of the first advocates of the canal policy—when inviting him to sit for his bust—that he did not pay him the compliment in order to secure his vote for the national monument, but only to perpetuate “the features of the American Cato.” With characteristic emphasis, the honest Doctor declined on the ground that posterity would not care for his lineaments; adding that “if he were capable of being lured into the support of any scheme whatever, against his conviction of right, wood, and not stone, ought to be the material of his image.”*

Ceracchi imbibed the free ideas brought by the French army to Italy, and baffled, as he ultimately was, in the realization of hopes inspired alike by his ambition as a sculptor and his love of republican institutions, he carried to Europe the proud distinction of having taken the initiative in giving an enduring shape to the revered and then unfamiliar features of Washington. He executed two busts, one colossal, a cast of which was long in the New York Academy of Fine Arts. Impoverished, the darling scheme of his life frustrated in America, and his own patriotic hopes crushed by the victories of Bonaparte in Italy, and his rapid advances towards imperial sway, the enthusiastic artist brooded, with intense disappointment, over the contrast between the fresh and exuberant national life, of which he had partaken here, and the vassalage to which Europe was again reduced. Napoleon and Washington stood revealed, as it were, side by side—the selfish aggrandizement of the one, who trampled on humanity under the prestige of military fame, and the magnanimity of the other, content to be the immaculate agent of a free people, after sacrificing all for their welfare. Imbued with the principles and a witness of the self-control which consummated our revolutionary triumph, Ceracchi beheld, with an impatience that caution only restrained, the

* Dr. Hosack's Essays.



W A R N I N G

From the "New by '90" sketch taken from the
newspaper of Governor Tommie Day, who was

the Minister of War in Washington.



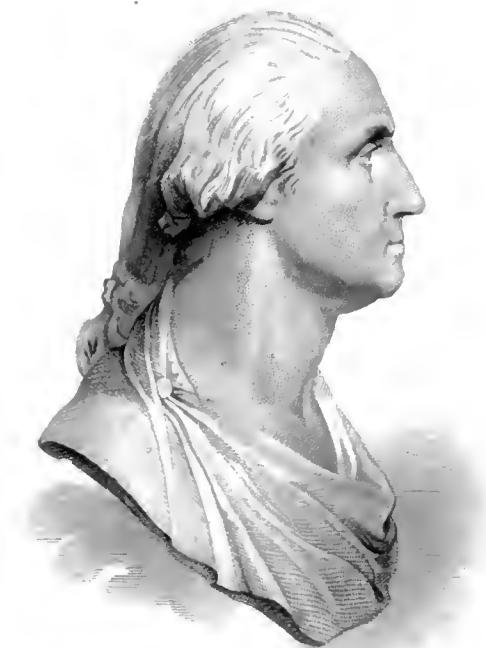
steady and unscrupulous encroachment of Bonaparte on all that is sacred in nationality and freedom. Somewhat of the deep indignation and the sacrificial will that nerved the hand of Charlotte Corday, somewhat of the fanaticism that moved the student-assassin of Kotzebue, and, perhaps, a little of the vengeful ire of Ravaillac, at length kindled the Italian blood of the sculptor. He became one of the most determined secret conspirators against the now established usurper. His brother artists, Topino Le Brun, Arena, Diana, and Demerville, were his coadjutors. The memoirs of the time speak of his "exaggerated notions," his disdain of life, of the profound gloom that often clouded his soul, of the tears he alternately shed of admiration at the brilliant exploits of the conqueror, and of grief at the wrongs inflicted on the beautiful land of his nativity. "This man," says one fair chronicler of those exciting times, "has a soul of fire." A plot, which is stigmatized as nefarious, and, according to rumor, was of the Fieschi stamp, aimed at the life of Bonaparte, when First Consul, was finally discovered, and Ceraechi became legally compromised as one of those pledged to its execution. He, with his companions, were arrested at the opera, where it was declared they intended to attack the First Consul, on the 12th of October, 1801, and found to be armed with poignards; they were all condemned to death, except Diana, and were executed at the Place de Grève, Jan. 30, 1802. Details of the plot (known as the Arena conspiracy), as viewed by a zealous partisan of Bonaparte, are given in the memoirs of the Duchess d' Abrantes. Ceraechi boldly acknowledged his murderous intention, and the earnest liberal, the vindictive patriot, the gifted artist, and sculptor of Washington, ended his career on the scaffold.

His bust gives Washington a Roman look, but has been declared to exhibit more truly the expression of the mouth than any other work. Those of Hamilton and Governor Clinton, by this artist, are deemed, by their respective families, as correct as portraits, as they are superior as pieces of statuary. And this is presumptive evidence in favor of the belief that Ceraechi's attachment to the heroic style did not seriously interfere with the general truth of his portraiture.

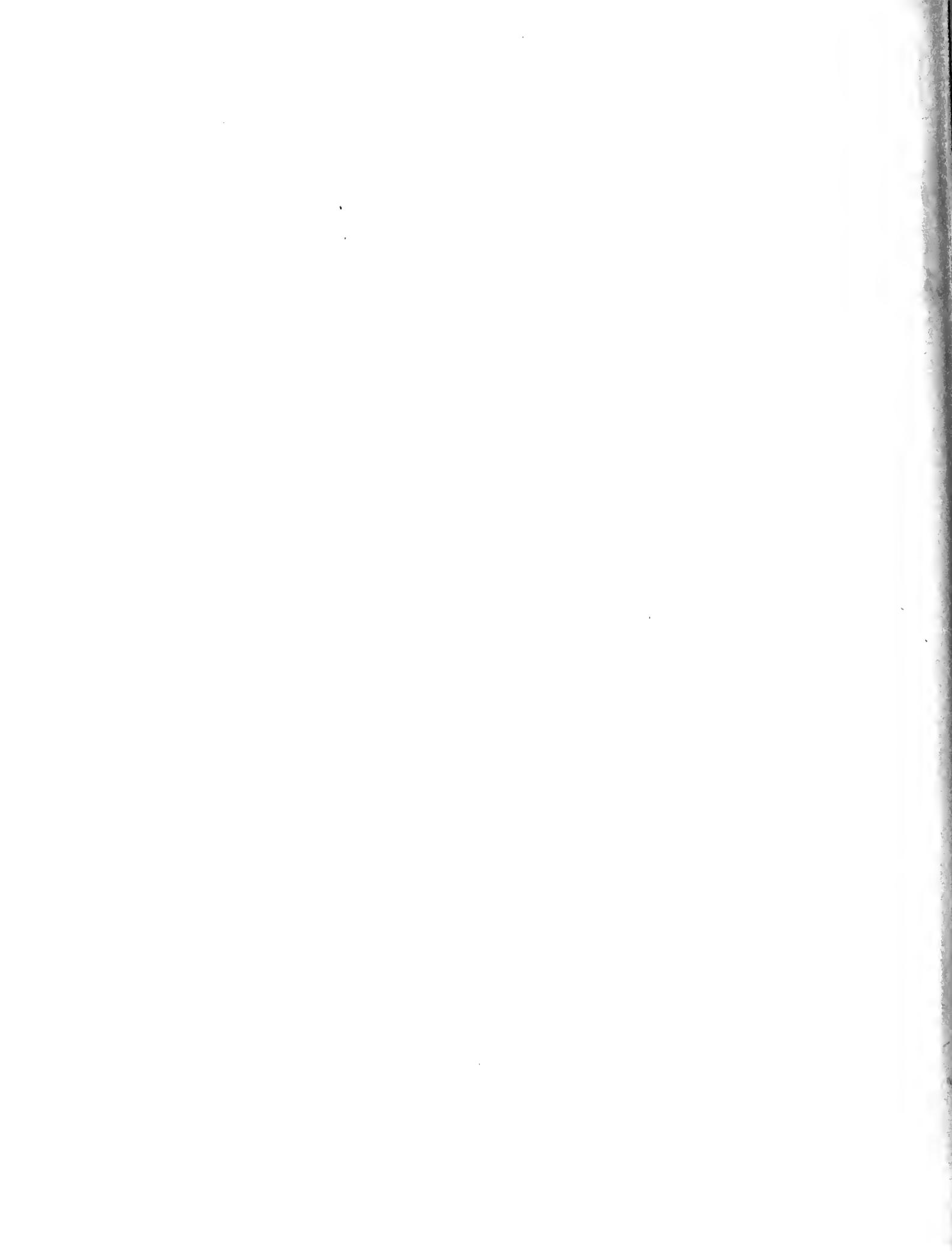
The design of a statue was, therefore, only realized on the arrival of Houdon. The history of this sculptor is a striking contrast to that of Ceraechi. A native of Versailles, he flourished at an epoch remarkably prolific of original characters in all departments of letters and art. Many of these, especially his own countrymen, have been represented by his chisel. He enjoyed a long and prosperous existence, having survived the taste he initiated, and the friends of his youth, but

maintaining a most creditable reputation to his death, which occurred in his eighty-eighth year. He rose to distinction by a new style, which appears to have exhibited, according to the subject, a remarkable simplicity on the one hand, and elaboration on the other. An over-estimate of the effect of details marred his more labored creations; but he had a faculty of catching the air, and a taste in generalizing the conception, both of a real and fanciful subject, which manifested unusual genius. There was an individuality about his best works that won attention and established his fame. Of the ideal kind, two were the subjects of much critical remark, though for different reasons. One of them was intended to exhibit the effect of cold—an idea almost too melodramatic and physical for sculpture, but quite in character for a Frenchman, aiming, even in his severe and limited art, at theatrical effect. The other was a statue of Diana—the object of numerous *bon mots*, first, because it was ordered by Catherine of Russia, who, it was generally thought, had no special affinity with the chaste goddess; and, secondly, on account of the voluptuous character given it by the artist, which procured for his Diana the name of Venus. Houdon's bust of Voltaire gained him renown at once in this department of his pursuit, and is a memorable example of his success. How various the characters whose similitudes are perpetuated by his chisel—Gluck and Buffon, Rousseau and D'Alembert, Mirabeau and Washington! Jefferson, in behalf of the State of Virginia, arranged with Houdon at Paris, to undertake the latter commission; and he accompanied Dr. Franklin to the United States. He remained at Mount Vernon long enough to execute a model of Washington's head, and familiarize himself with every detail of his features and the traits of his natural language; but that implicit fidelity, now evident in the busts of our own leading sculptors, was not then in vogue, and the artists of the day were rather adepts in idealizing than in precise imitation of nature; therefore, the result of Houdon's labors, though, in general, satisfactory, cannot be used with the mathematical exactitude, as a guide, which greater attention to minutiae would have secured. There is a sketch by Stuart indicating some minute errors in the outline of Houdon's bust. On leaving, he presented Washington with the bas-relief which used to hang over his chair in the library at Mount Vernon.* He completed the statue after his return to Paris, and in the diary of Gouverneur Morris, is an entry noting his attendance at the artist's studio, to stand for

* A most absurd story has been recently circulated, by gubernatorial authority, that Houdon's statue was the result of a cast made from the entire person of Washington.



From Houdon's Bust



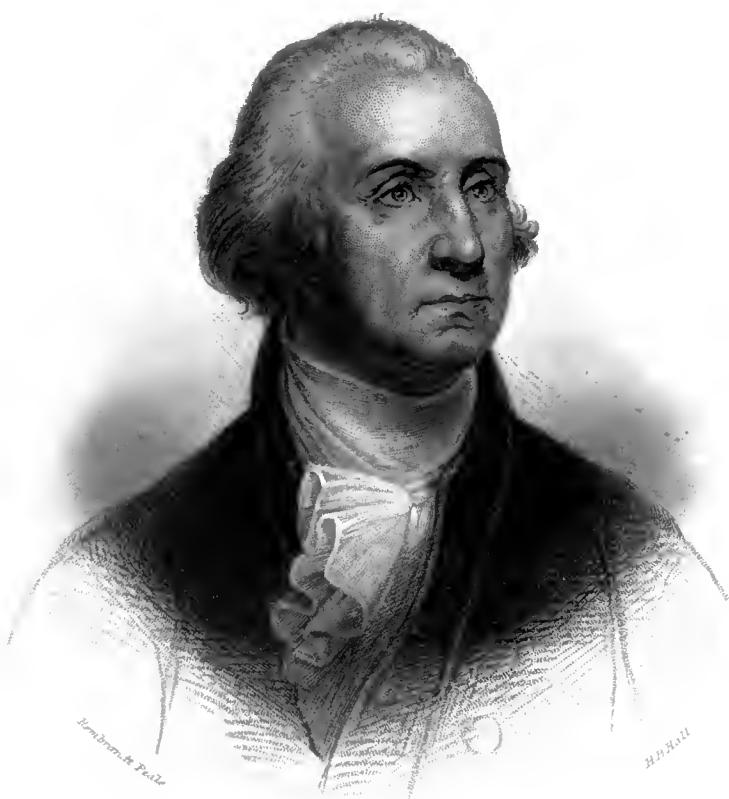
the figure of his illustrious friend, whom, before he became corpulent, he is said to have resembled. He alludes to the circumstance as "being the humble employment of a mannikin;" and adds, "This is literally taking the advice of St. Paul, to be all things to all men." The original cast of the head of this statue is still at Mount Vernon, and the statue itself is the cherished ornament of the Capitol at Richmond, and has been declared, by one of Washington's biographers, to be "as perfect a resemblance, in face and figure, as the art admits;" while, on the other hand, a critic of large and studious observation, who was well acquainted with the appearance of the original, says that, as a likeness, the head is inferior to Ceraechi's bust. The costume is authentic, that Washington wore as commander-in-chief; it has been assailed with the usual arguments—its want of classical effect, and its undignified style; but less conservative reasoners applaud the truth of the drapery, and the work is endeared as a faithful and unique representation of the man—the only one from life bequeathed by the art of the sculptor. "Judge Marshall," says Dr. Sparks in a letter to us, "once told me that the head of Houdon's statue at Richmond, seen at a point somewhat removed towards the side, from the front, presented as perfect a resemblance of the living man as he could conceive possible in marble."

REMBRANDT PEALE, when quite young, became the companion of his father's artistic labors. In compliment to the latter, Washington sat for a likeness to the novice of eighteen, who says the honor agitated more than it inspired him, and he solicited his father's intercession and countenance on the memorable occasion. Of the precise value of his original sketch it is difficult to form an accurate opinion, but the mature result of his efforts to produce a portrait of Washington has attained a high and permanent fame. He availed himself of the best remembered points, and always worked with Houdon's bust before him. This celebrated picture is the favorite portrait of a large number of amateurs. It is more dark and mellowed in tint, more elaborately worked up, and, in some respects, more effectively arranged, than any of its predecessors. Sometimes inclosed in an oval of well-imitated stone fretwork, sometimes in military and at others in civic dress, vigorous in execution, rich in color, the brow, eyes, and mouth, full of character—altogether it is a striking and impressive delineation. That it was thus originally regarded we may infer from the unanimous resolution of the U. S. Senate, in 1832, appropriating two thousand dollars for its purchase, and from the numerous copies of the original, in military costume, belonging to

the artist, which have been and are still ordered. Rembrandt Peale is said to be the only living artist who ever saw Washington. In the pamphlet which he issued to authenticate the work, we find the cordial testimony to its fidelity and other merits, of Lawrence Lewis, the eldest nephew of Washington: of the late venerable John Vaughan, of Bishop White, Rufus King, Charles Carroll, Edward Livingston, General Smith, Dr. James Thatcher, and Judge Cranch. Chief Justice Marshall says of it: "It is more Washington himself than any portrait I have ever seen;" and Judge Peters explains his approval by declaring, "I judge from its effects on my heart."

This venerable artist has delivered a lecture in our principal cities, and before our Historical Societies, in which he claims almost exclusive authenticity for his portrait of Washington, and cites an imposing array of witnesses thereto. Without intending in the least degree to disparage either the intrinsic value of his portrait, or dispute the testimony in its behalf—we cannot but invite the reader's attention to the fact that equally honorable and emphatic attestation to the accuracy of other portraits has been cited. The truth is, that the mere impression of survivors—not educated to observe features and expressions like artists, is of little worth. Something familiar in the pictured face strikes the eye of friendship, and instantly, by the force of association, the imagination fills up the outline. We doubt not that in some detail, shade of expression, significance of feature, each artist—worthy of the name—succeeded in representing truly the great subject upon which their pencils were employed; and can readily believe that one familiar with Washington's appearance in the field discovered superior merit in Trumbull's portrait, one best acquainted with him in domestic life thought Sharpless had best caught his grave sweetness of look—that a veteran comrade preferred Wilson Peale's first picture, and the youth who contemplated him with awe in the light of his mature character and form, found only in Stuart an adequate representation.

No artist enjoyed the opportunities of COLONEL TRUMBULL as the portrayer of Washington. As aide-de-camp he was familiar with his appearance in the prime of his life and its most exciting era. At the commencement of the Revolutionary struggle, this officer was among the most active, and essentially promoted the secure retreat of the American forces, under General Sullivan, from Rhode Island; he, therefore, largely partook of the spirit of those days, came freely under the influence of Washington's character as it pervaded the camp, and had ample time and occasion to observe the Commander-in-Chief in his military aspect, and in



HENRY C. TUTNAM



social intercourse, on horseback, in the field, and at the hospitable board, in the councils of war, when silently meditating his great work, when oppressed with anxiety, animated by hope, or under the influence of those quick and strong feelings he so early learned to subdue. After Trumbull's resignation, and when far away from the scene of Washington's glory, he painted his head from recollection, so distinctly was every feature and expression impressed upon his mind. In the autumn of 1789 he returned from Europe, and began his sketches of the chiefs and statesmen of the Revolution, afterwards embodied in the pictures that adorn the Rotunda of the Capitol, and the originals of which, invaluable for their authenticity, may now be seen in the gallery at New Haven. Here is preserved the most spirited portrait of Washington that exists—the only reflection of him as a soldier of freedom worthy of the name, drawn from life. The artist's own account of this work is given in his memoirs: "In 1792 I was again in Philadelphia, and there painted the portrait of General Washington, now placed in the gallery at New Haven, the best, certainly, of those that I painted, and the best, in my estimation, which exists in his heroic and military character. The city of Charleston, S. C., instructed Mr. W. R. Smith, one of the representatives of South Carolina, to employ me to paint for them a portrait of the great man, and I undertook it *con amore*, as the commission was unlimited, meaning to give his military character at the most sublime moment of its exertion—the evening previous to the battle of Trenton, when, viewing the vast superiority of his approaching enemy, the impossibility of again crossing the Delaware or retreating down the river, he conceives the plan of returning, by a night march, into the country from which he had been driven, thus cutting off the enemy's communication and destroying the dépôt of stores at Brunswick." There is a singular felicity in this choice of the moment to represent Washington, for it combines all the most desirable elements of expression characteristic of the man. It is a moment, not of brilliant achievement, but of intrepid conception, when the dignity of thought is united with the sternness of resolve, and the enthusiasm of a daring experiment kindles the habitual mood of self-control into an unwonted glow. As the artist unfolded his design to Washington, the memory of that eventful night thrilled him anew; he rehearsed the circumstances, described the scene, and his face was lighted up as the memorable crisis in his country's fate and his own career was renewed before him. He spoke of the desperate chance, the wild hope, and the hazardous but fixed determination of that hour; and, as the gratified painter

declares, "looked the scene." "The result," he says, "was, in my own opinion, eminently successful, and the General was satisfied." Whether the observer of the present day accedes to the opinion, that he "happily transferred to the canvass the lofty expression of his animated countenance, the resolve to conquer or perish;" whether the picture comes up to his preconceived ideal of the heroic view of Washington or not, he must admit that it combines great apparent fidelity, with more spirit and the genius of action, than all other portraits.

Although not so familiar as Stuart's, numerous good copies of Trumbull's Washington, some from his own, and others by later pencils, have rendered it almost as well known in this country. Contemporaries gave it a decided preference; it recalled the leader of the American armies, the man who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen," ere age relaxed the facial muscles and modified the decisive lines of the mouth; it was associated in their minds with the indignant rebuke at Monmouth, the brilliant surprise at Trenton, and the heroic patience at Valley Forge; it was the Washington of their youth who led the armies of freedom, the modest, the brave, the vigilant and triumphant chief. Ask an elderly Knickerbocker what picture will give you a good idea of Washington, and he will confidently refer you, as the testimony his father has taught him, to Trumbull's portrait in the City Hall. When Lafayette first beheld a copy of this picture, in a gentleman's house in New Jersey, on his visit to this country, a few years before his death, he uttered an exclamation of delight at its resemblance. This work was executed before the loss of his teeth changed the expression of Washington's mouth; and like Peale's portrait at Nassau Hall and Stuart's in the Presidential mansion, has narrowly escaped destruction by fire. The air of the figure is as manly and elegant, the look as dignified and commanding, and the brow as practical in its moulding, as in Stuart's representation of him at a more advanced period; but the face is less round, the profile more aquiline, the complexion has none of the fresh and ruddy hue, and the hair is not so blanched. It is, altogether, a keener, more active, less thoughtful, but equally graceful and dignified man. He stands in an easy attitude, in full uniform, with his hand on his horse's neck; and the most careless observer, though ignorant of the subject, would recognise at a glance, the image of a brave man, an intelligent officer, and an honorable gentleman. The excellent engraving of Durand has widely disseminated Trumbull's spirited head of Washington.

Although the concurrent testimony of those best fitted to judge, give the



Col. John Trumbull

Engraved by the Annatatic process.

G. Washington

palm to Trumbull's portrait now in the gallery at New Haven, as the most faithful likeness of Washington in his prime, this praise seems to refer rather to the general expression and air, than to the details of the face. Trumbull often failed in giving a satisfactory likeness; he never succeeded in rendering the complexion, as is obvious by comparing that of his picture in the New York City Hall with any or all of Stnart's heads; the former is yellow, and gives the idea of a bilious temperament, while the latter, in every instance, have the florid, ruddy tint, which, we are assured, was characteristic of Washington, and indicative of his active habits, constant exposure to the elements, and Saxon blood. The best efforts of Trumbull were his first, careful sketches; he never could elaborate with equal effect; the collection of small, original heads, from which his historical pictures were drawn, is invaluable, as the most authentic resemblances in existence of our revolutionary heroes. They have a genuine look and a spirited air, seldom discoverable in the enlarged copies.

"Washington," says Trumbull, in describing the picture which he considered his best, "is represented standing on elevated ground, on the south side of the creek at Trenton, a little below the stone-bridge and mill. He has a reconnoitring glass in his hand, with which he is supposed to have been examining the strength of the hostile army, pouring into and occupying Trenton, which he has just abandoned at their appearance; and, having ascertained their great superiority, as well in numbers as discipline, he is supposed to have been meditating how to avoid the apparently impending ruin, and to have just formed the plan which he executed during the night. This led to the splendid success at Princeton on the following morning; and, in the estimation of the great Frederic, placed his military character on a level with that of the greatest commanders of ancient or modern times. Behind, and near, an attendant holds his horse. Every minute article of dress, down to the buttons and spurs, and the buckles and straps of the horse furniture, were carefully painted from the different objects."

The gentleman who was the medium of this commission to Trumbull, praised his work; but aware of the popular sentiment, declared it not calm and peaceful enough to satisfy those for whom it was intended. With reluctance, the painter asked Washington, overwhelmed as he was with official duty, to sit for another portrait, which represents him in his every-day aspect, and, therefore, better pleased the citizens of Charleston. "Keep this picture," said Washington to the artist, speaking of the first experiment, "and finish it to your own taste."

When the Connecticut State Society of Cincinnati dissolved, a few of the members purchased it as a gift to Yale College.

GILBERT STUART's most cherished anticipation, when he left England for America, was that of executing a portrait of Washington. A consummate artist in a branch which his own triumphs had proved could be rendered of the highest interest, he eagerly sought illustrious subjects for his pencil. This enthusiasm was increased in the present case, by the unsullied fame and the exalted European reputation of the American hero, by the greatest personal admiration of his character, and by the fact that no satisfactory representation existed abroad of a man whose name was identical with more than Roman patriotism and magnanimity. Stuart, by a series of masterly portraits, had established his renown in London; he had mingled in the best society; his vigorous mind was cognizant of all the charms that wit and acumen lend to human intercourse, and he knew the power which genius and will may so readily command. His own nature was more remarkable for strength than refinement; he was eminently fitted to appreciate practical talents and moral energy; the brave truth of nature rather than her more delicate effects, were grasped and reproduced by his skill; he might not have done justice to the ideal contour of Shelley, or the gentle features of Mary of Scotland, but could have perfectly reflected the dormant thunder of Mirabeau's countenance, and the argumentative abstraction that knit the brows of Samuel Johnson. He was a votary of truth in her boldest manifestations, and a delineator of character in its normal and sustained elements. The robust, the venerable, the moral picturesque, the mentally characteristic, he seized by intuition; those lines of physiognomy, which, channelled by will, are the map of inward life, by years of consistent thought and action, traced upon the countenance;—the hue that, to an observant eye, indicates almost the daily vocation, the air suggestive of authority or obedience, firmness or vacillation, the glance of the eye, which is the measure of natural intelligence and the temper of the soul, the expression of the mouth that infallibly betrays the disposition, the tint of hair and mould of features, not only attesting the period of life but revealing what that life has been, whether toilsome or inert, self-indulgent or adventurous, care-worn or pleasurable—these, and such as these records of humanity, Stuart transferred, in vivid colors and most trustworthy outlines, to the canvass. Instinctive, therefore, was his zeal to delineate Washington; a man, who, of all the sons of fame, most clearly and emphatically wrote his character in deeds upon

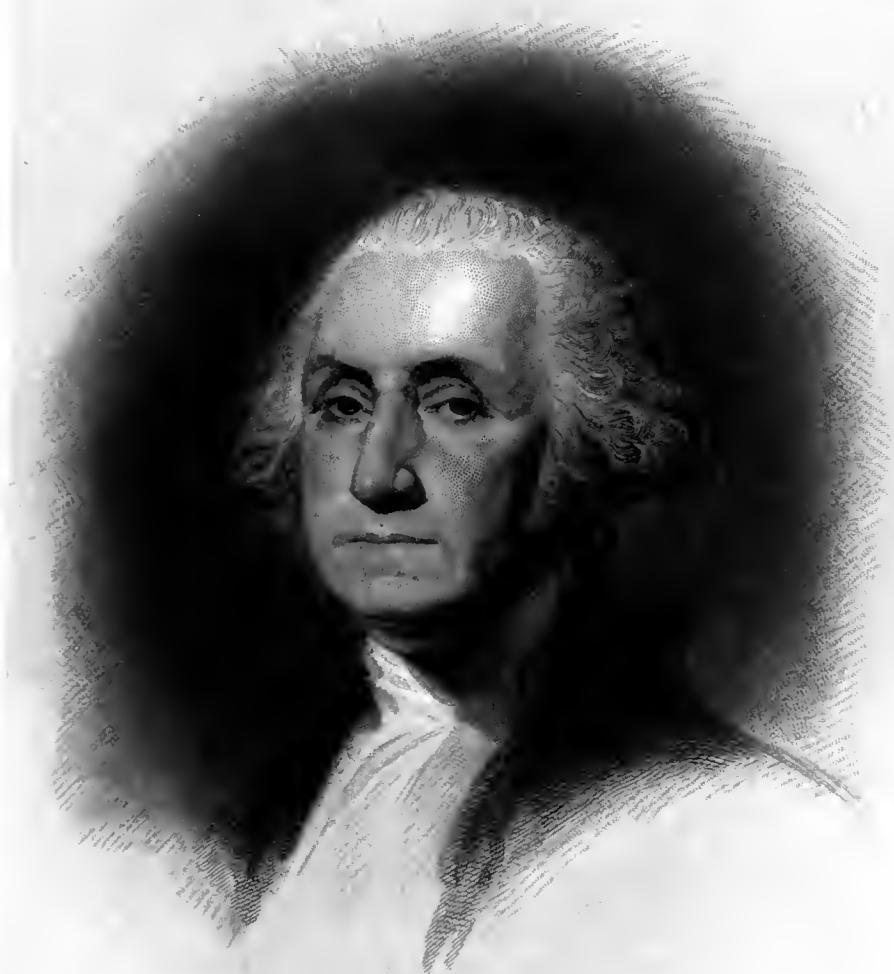
the world's heart, whose traits required no imagination to give them effect and no metaphysical insight to unravel their perplexity, but were brought out by the exigencies of the time, in distinct relief, as bold, fresh, and true, as the verdure of spring and the lights of the firmament, equally recognised by the humblest peasant and the most gifted philosopher.

To trace the history of each of Stuart's portraits of Washington would prove of curious interest. One of his letters to a relative, dated the second of November, 1794, enables us to fix the period of the earliest experiment. "The object of my journey," he says, "is only to secure a portrait of the President and finish yours." One of the succeeding pictures was bought from the artist's studio by Mr. Tayloe, of Washington, and is, at present, owned by his son B. Ogle Tayloe, Esq.; another was long in the possession of Madison, and is now in that of Gov. E. Coles, of Philadelphia. The full-length in the Presidential mansion, at the seat of Government, was saved through the foresight and care of the late Mrs. Madison, when the city was taken by the British in the last war. Stuart, however, always denied that this copy was by him. Another portrait of undoubted authenticity was offered to and declined by Congress, a few years ago, and is owned by a Boston gentleman; and one graced the hospitable dwelling of Samuel Williams, the London banker. For a long period artistic productions on this side of the water were subjects of ridicule. Tudor not inaptly called the New England country meeting-houses "wooden lanterns;" almost every town boasted an architectural monstrosity, popularly known as somebody's "folly;" the rows of legs in Trumbull's picture of the Signing of the Declaration, obtained for it the sarcastic name, generally ascribed to John Randolph, of "the shin piece;" and Stuart's full-length, originally painted for Lord Lansdowne, with one arm resting on his sword hilt, and the other extended, was distinguished among artists by the title of the "tea-pot portrait," from the resemblance of the outline to the handle and spout of that domestic utensil. The feature, usually exaggerated in poor copies, and the least agreeable in the original, is the mouth, resulting from the want of support of those muscles consequent on the loss of teeth, a defect which Stuart vainly attempted to remedy by inserting cotton between the jaw and the lips; and Wilson Peale more permanently, but not less ineffectually, sought to relieve by a set of artificial teeth.

We have seen in Western New York a cabinet head of Washington which

bears strong evidence of Stuart's pencil, and is traced directly by its present owner to his hand, which was purchased of the artist and presented to Mr. Gilbert, a member of Congress from Columbia County, New York, a gentleman who held the original in such veneration that he requested, on his death-bed, to have the picture exhibited to his fading gaze, as it was the last object he desired to behold on earth. The remarks of Gilbert Stuart indicate what a study he made of his illustrious sitter: "There were," he said, "features in his face totally different from what he had observed in any other human being; the sockets of the eyes, for instance, were larger than what he ever met with before, and the upper part of the nose broader. All his features were indicative of the strongest passions; yet, like Socrates, his judgment and great self-command made him appear a man of a different cast in the eyes of the world." The color of his eyes was a light greyish blue, but according to Mr. Custis, Stuart painted them of a deeper blue, saying, "In a hundred years they will have faded to the right color."

While Congress was in session at Philadelphia, in 1794, Stnart went thither with a letter of introduction to Washington, from John Jay. He first met his illustrious subject on a reception evening, and was spontaneously accosted by him with a greeting of dignified urbanity. Familiar as was the painter with eminent men, he afterwards declared that no human being ever awakened in him the sentiment of reverence to such a degree. For a moment, he lost his self-possession—with him an experience quite unprecedented—and it was not until several interviews that he felt himself enough at home with his sitter to give the requisite concentration of mind to his work. This was owing not less to the personal impressiveness of Washington—which all who came in contact with him felt and acknowledged—than to the profound respect and deep interest which the high anticipations of the artist had fostered in his own mind. He failed, probably from this cause, in his first experiment. No portrait-painter has left such a reputation for the faculty of eliciting expression by his social tact, as Stnart. He would even defer his task upon any pretext until he succeeded in making the sitter, as he said, "look like himself." To induce a natural, unconscious, and characteristic mood, was his initiative step in the execution of a portrait. Innumerable are the anecdotes of his ingenuity and persistence in carrying out this habit. More or less conversant with every topic of general interest, and endowed with rare conversational ability and knowledge of character, he seldom failed to excite



1790

H. P. Hall

From the original Picture in the Boston Museum
taken from life in 1795

ENGRAVED FOR IRVIN'S LIFE OF WASHINGTON

• H. Hall, Boston, 1790



the ruling passion, magnetize the prominent idiosyncrasy, or awaken the professional interest of the occupant of his throne, whether statesman, farmer, actor, judge, or merchant; and his fund of good stories, narrated with dramatic effect, by en chaining the attention or enlisting the sympathies, usually made the delighted listener self-oblivious and demonstrative, when, with an alertness and precision like magic, the watchful limner transferred the vital identity of his pre-occupied and fascinated subject, with almost breathing similitude. In Washington, however, he found a less flexible character upon which to scintillate his wit and open his anecdotal battery. Facility of adaptation seldom accompanies great individuality; and a man whose entire life has been oppressed with responsibility, and in whom the prevalent qualities are conscience and good sense, can scarcely be expected to possess humor and geniality, in the same proportion as self-control and reflection. On the professional themes of agriculture and military science, Washington was always ready to converse, if not with enthusiasm, at least in an attentive and intelligent strain; but the artillery of repartee, and the sallies of fancy, made but a slight impression upon his grave and reserved nature. He was deficient in language—far more a man of action than of words—and had been obliged to think too much on vast interests, to “carry America in his brain,” as one of his eulogists has aptly said, to readily unbend in colloquial diversion. By degrees, however, the desirable relation was established between himself and the artist, who, of several portraits, justly gave the preference to the Lansdowne picture and the unfinished one now possessed by the Boston Athenaeum. They, doubtless, are the most perfect representations of Washington, as he looked at the time they were executed, and will ever be the standards and resource of subsequent delineators. The latter, supposed by many to have been his original “study,” engaged his attention for months. The freshness of color, the studious modelling of the brow, the mingling of clear purpose and benevolence in the eye, and a thorough nobleness and dignity in the whole head, realize all the most intelligent admirer of the original has imagined—not, indeed, when thinking of him as the intrepid leader of armies, but in the last analysis and complete image of the hero in retirement, in all the consciousness of a sublime career, unimpeachable fidelity to a national trust, and the eternal gratitude of a free people. Stuart resided in Germantown, Pa., in 1794-5; his studio was a barn in the rear of the house he occupied, and here, according to Watson, was painted this celebrated head. It is this master-piece of Stuart that

has not only perpetuated, but distributed over the globe the resemblance of Washington. It has been sometimes lamented, that so popular a work does not represent him in the aspect of a successful warrior, or in the flush of youth; but there seems to be a singular harmony between this venerable image—so majestic, benignant, and serene—and the absolute character and peculiar example of Washington, separated from what was purely incidental and contingent in his life. Self-control, endurance, dauntless courage, loyalty to a just but sometimes desperate cause, hope through the most hopeless erises, and a tone of feeling the most exalted, united to habits of candid simplicity, are better embodied in such a calm, magnanimous, mature image, full of dignity and sweetness, than if portrayed in battle array or melodramatic attitude. Let such pictures as David's Napoleon—with prancing steed, flashing eye, and waving sword—represent the mere victor and military genius; but he who spurned a crown, knew no watch-word but duty, no goal but freedom and justice, and no reward but the approval of conscience and the gratitude of a country, lives more appropriately, both to memory and in art, under the aspect of a finished life, crowned with the harvest of honor and peace, and serene in the consummation of disinterested purpose.

A letter of Stuart's, which appeared in the New York *Evening Post*, in 1853,* attested by three gentlemen of Boston, with one from Washington mak-

* EXTRACT from article in *Evening Post*, N. Y., March 15th, 1853:—

“It may set this question at rest to state, that Stuart himself has given an account of all the portraits of Washington that he painted.

“A gentleman of Philadelphia has in his possession the originals of the following documents.
[*Edit. Post.*]

‘SIR:—I am under promise to Mrs. Bingham, to sit for you to-morrow at nine o'clock, and wishing to know if it be convenient to you that I should do so, and whether it shall be at your own house (as she talked of the State-House), I send this note to you to ask information.—I am, Sir, your obedient serv't,

‘GEO. WASHINGTON.

‘*Monday Evening, 11th April, 1796.*’

“This letter was endorsed in Washington's handwriting,—‘Mr. Stuart, Chestnut Street.’ At the foot of the manuscript are the following certificates:—

‘In looking over my papers to find one that had the signature of George Washington, I found this, asking me when he should sit for his portrait, which is now owned by Samuel Williams, of London. I

ing the appointment for a sitting, proves the error long current in regard both to the dates and the number of this artist's original portraits. He there distinctly states that he never executed but three from life, the first of which was so unsatisfactory that he destroyed it; the second was the picture for Lord Lansdowne; and the third, the one now belonging to the Boston Athenæum. Of these originals he made twenty-six copies. The finishing touches were put to the one in September, 1795, and to the other, at Philadelphia, in the spring of 1796. This last, it appears by a letter of Mr. Custis, was undertaken against the desire of Washington, and at the earnest solicitation of his wife, who wished a portrait from life of her illustrious husband, to be placed among the other family pictures at Mount Vernon. For this express purpose, and to gratify her, the artist commenced the work, and Washington agreed to sit once more. It was left, intentionally, unfinished, and when subsequently claimed by Mr. Custis, who offered a premium upon the original price, Stuart excused himself, much to the former's dissatisfaction, on the plea that it was a requisite legacy for his children. Simultaneously with the Lansdowne portrait the artist executed for William Constable that now in the possession of his grandson, Henry E.

have thought it proper it should be his, especially as he owns the only original painting I ever made of Washington, except one I own myself. I painted a third, but rubbed it out. I now present this to his brother, Timo. Williams, for said Samuel.

GT. STUART.

Boston, 9th day of March, 1823.

Attest—J. P. DAVIS.

W. DUTTON.

L. BALDWIN.

N.B.—Mr. Stuart painted in ye *winter season* his first portrait of Washington, but destroyed it. The next painting was ye one owned by S. Williams; the third Mr. S. now has—two only remain, as above stated.

T. W.

The picture alluded to in the above note of the late Timo. Williams, as being then in Mr. Stuart's possession, is the one now in the Boston Athenæum; and that which belonged to the late Samuel Williams, Esq., alluded to in Mr. Stuart's note above quoted, is yet extant, and owned by the son of an American gentleman (*John D. Lewis, Esq.*), who died in London some years since, where it still remains. Mr. Williams had paid for it at the sale of the personal effects of the Marquis of Lansdowne—to whom it was originally presented by Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia—two thousand guineas.

It is this portrait, full length and life-size, from which the bad engraving was made by Heath, so many copies of which are still to be seen in this country."

Pierrepont, Esq., of Brooklyn, L. I. Motives of personal friendship induced the artist to exert his best skill in this instance ; it is a fac-simile of its prototype, and the expression has been thought even more noble and of higher significance, more in accordance with the traditional character of the subject, than the Athenæum picture. It has the eyes looking off, and not at the spectator, as in the latter. Mr. Constable, the original proprietor, was aid to General Washington ; and when Lafayette visited this country in 1824, upon entering the drawing-room at Brooklyn Heights, where the picture hangs, he exclaimed, "That is my old friend, indeed!" Colonel Nicholas Fish, and General Van Rensselaer, joined in attesting the superior correctness of the likeness.*

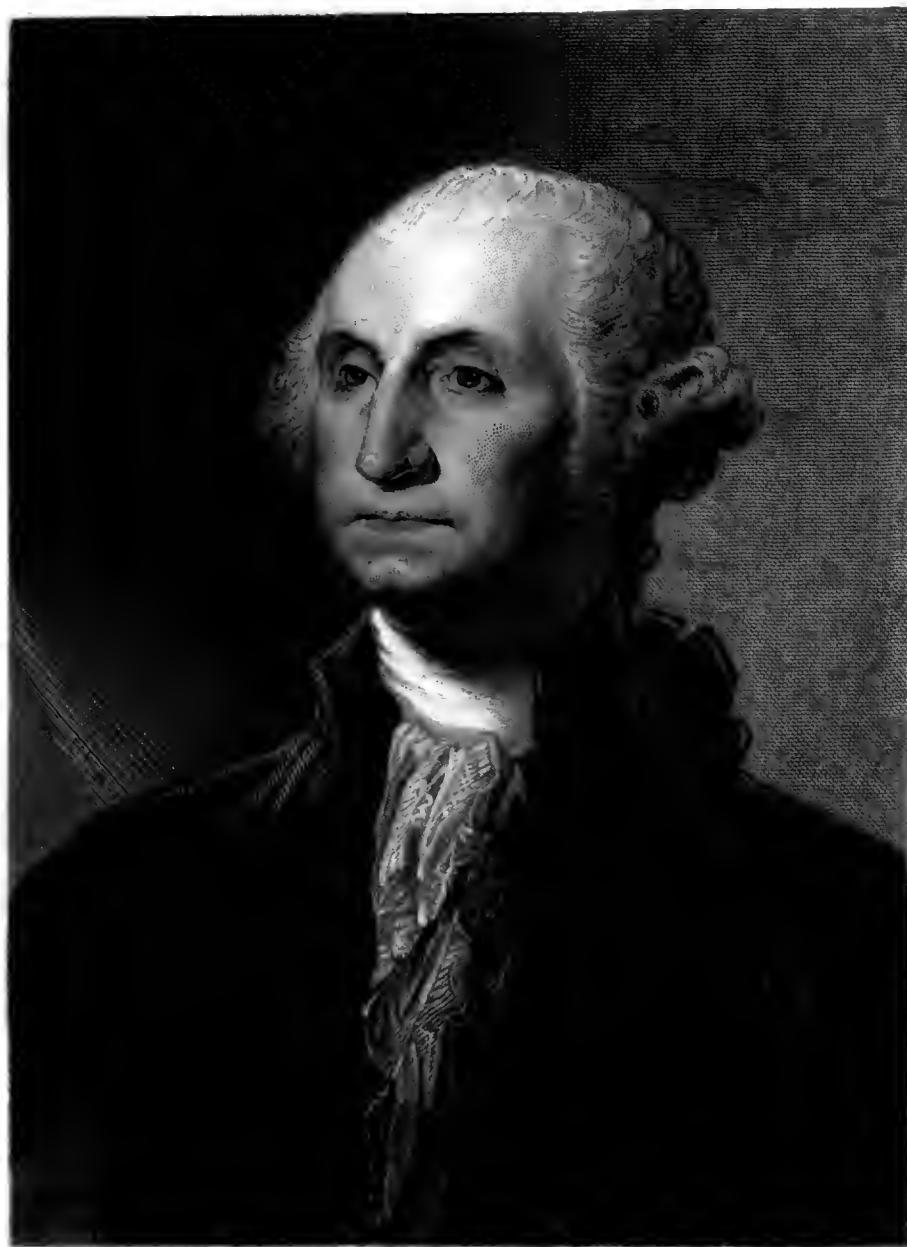
The only adequate engraving of the Athenæum picture is the exquisite and faithful one by Joseph Andrews. Mr. Sparks has noted a curious anecdote in relation to Stuart and Washington, which preserves one of the few authentic instances where the chief's remarkable self-control lapsed into temporary excitement :—"One morning," he says, "as the artist approached the house, the street-door and inner-door were open, so that his eye was led directly into the parlor, and, just as he was about to ascend the steps, he saw Washington seize a man by the collar, and thrust him violently across the room. This being an awkward moment to enter the house, he passed on a short distance, but immediately returned and found the President sitting very composedly in a chair. After the usual salutation, his first words were, 'Mr. Stuart, when you went away, you turned the face of your picture to the wall, and gave directions that it should remain so, to prevent it receiving any injury, but, when I came into the room this morning, the face was turned outward as you now see it, the doors were open, and here was a fellow raising a dust with a broom, and I know not but the picture is ruined.' It so happened, however, that no essential harm was done, and the artist proceeded with his task." To obtain the last sitting, the painter is said to have promised, if successful, to present the portrait both of the General and Mrs. Washington to him *when finished* ; and the result was so satisfactory that the artist determined never to complete

* Some of the best copies of Stuart's Washington have been made by his daughter, Miss Jane Stuart ; Mr. Frothingham, of Charlestown, Mass. ; and the late Mrs. Hoyt, of Boston ; an excellent copy of the head was made by Vanderlyn for the U. S. House of Representatives ; and a highly respectable citizen of New York, Geo. B. Rapalye, Esq., stood for the figure.

the pictures, and thus secure them for a legacy to his family. They remained in the identical state in which they left his easel, the vivid tints unimpaired, the details of each head faithfully worked out, but the shoulders and bust only sketched, and the rest of the large canvas blank except a few random strokes of the brush. Yet no finished trophies of American art have been pondered with a more critical and fond gaze by the artists who have subsequently depicted Washington, or with more reverent admiration by the generations of his countrymen who know their peerless benefactor only through history and this faithful resemblance. This master-piece is, however, said to have been rejected when offered to the government; and it long hung on the door of Stuart's painting-room on Fort Hill, in Boston. Stuart first painted the full length for Lord Lansdowne. He always declared, that, although he made twenty-two copies of the original, he could never reproduce it perfectly. The history and comparative merits of these portraits form a curious speculation. If all the facts were known, and all the traits critically noted, the record would prove quite a suggestive artistic chapter. In the opinion of many not incompetent judges, the full length in Faneuil Hall is the best, after those owned by Messrs. Williams and Pierrepont, and the Boston Athenæum. This picture was secured by a mere accident. A mediocre English painter, Winstaley, had the audacity to propose to Stuart at Germantown, to visit his studio in Philadelphia, and give a stroke or two of his riding-whip to some copies he had painted of the famous portrait, in order that it could be said they received the last touches from Stuart's own hand, he to share in the profits as well as the imposture. The indignant painter threatened to throw his impudent visitor out of the window; but the latter, not a whit discouraged, afterwards drove a thriving trade with his spurious collection. Among his victims was a Federalist merchant of Boston, better versed in polities and commerce than the fine arts, who purchased and gave one of these literally "*counterfeit* presents" to the Town-Hall; the deception once known, the wits of the democratic party so overwhelmed the unlucky donor with their merciless gibes, that, in mere self-defense, he paid Stuart six hundred dollars for the painting which now ornaments the old cradle of liberty. In relating this anecdote, the artist, between his pinches of snuff, used to complain of his involuntary patron for having paid him in uncurrent notes on which there was a large discount.

Mr. Bingham, of Philadelphia, earnestly pleaded with Stuart to allow him to

pay for Lord Lansdowne's commission, that he might enjoy the honor and gratification of presenting it to that nobleman. This request was acceded to, but the artist was subsequently much annoyed by discovering several engraved copies of this work, of inferior execution, on a bookseller's counter in Philadelphia, to whom they had been sent, with a pompous advertisement, by a printseller in England. The President of the Pennsylvania Academy previously refused Winstaley permission to copy the portrait belonging to that institution, without the artist's consent; but the law of copyright, especially in regard to works of art, was then unsettled, and Stuart was doomed to suffer incalculable wrong, both in his purse and reputation, by the unauthorized and inadequate reproduction of his great work. The copy by the painter himself, in the possession of Mr. Pierrepont, of Brooklyn, is remarkable for its animated expression; that in the State-House at Newport, Rhode Island, is admired by critics for the apt and careful moulding of the brow and the purity of the coloring; the drooping angle of the eyelids is also a noticeable peculiarity. As a work of art, it offers a great contrast to two portraits from the same hand, in the neighboring Redwood Library, executed in boyhood. Of these two invaluable copies, the first, as before stated, was painted for Mr. Constable, and the second purchased of the artist for the favorite town of his native State. The usual objection to Stuart's Washington is a certain feebleness about the lines of the mouth, which does not correspond with the distinct outline of the frontal region, the benign yet resolved eye, and the harmonious dignity of the entire head; but this defect was, as we have seen, an inevitable result of the loss of teeth. In view of the state of the arts in this country at the period, and the age of Washington, we cannot but congratulate ourselves that we have so pleasing and satisfactory a portrait, and exclaim, with Leslie, "How fortunate it was, that a painter existed in the time of Washington, who could hand him down looking like a gentleman!" Dr. Marshall, brother of the Chief Justice, said that Washington did not resemble Pine's portrait, when he knew him, and that Wertmüller's had too French a look, but that Stuart's was "prodigiously like." A more decided and magnetic expression is, indeed, desirable; a more emotional phase would reveal the heroic fire that lay beneath that calm look; but it was no fault of the painter that this was not attained. After several attempts to bring that noble but restrained soul to the surface, to make that calm eye flash, and those patient features light up with excitement, Stuart,





one day, after making every preparation for his sitter, left his studio a few moments before the time of appointment; knowing Washington's scrupulous punctuality and exactness of it in all with whom he had to do, the artist waited in an adjoining room until he heard a loud exclamation and the rapid steps that told of a chafed mood. Then he entered, respectfully greeted Washington (who sternly resumed his seat), seized his palette, and, after a few touches, apologized by confessing he had practiced the *ruse* to call up a look of moral indignation, which would give spirit to his delineation.

The possible effect of art illustrated by eloquence was memorably exhibited on the occasion of an Eulogy, on Lafayette, delivered by Edward Everett, in Faneuil Hall; after a vivid sketch of the life of that noble champion of American freedom, when the feelings of the audience were excited to the highest sympathy, the orator apostrophized the bust of Lafayette beside him on the stage, and then turned to Stuart's Washington, exclaiming: "Speak, glorious Washington, break the long silence of that votive canvas!"—So complete was the spell that eyes moistened with a thrilling hope, and lips parted with expectancy!

In 1798 there arrived for the second time, in New York, an artist of less aspiring genius than practical views. Although of an English Roman Catholic family, and educated in France, the look and bearing of James Sharpless were those of a courteous quaker. To his pencil we owe, in numerous instances, the only correct portraits of our revolutionary statesmen, and leading members of the Convention who framed the Constitution; his sketches of Gouverneur Morris and Rufus King, are memorable; and his graceful pastels may yet be seen in some of our old-fashioned mansions. Compared to elaborate oil portraits they are ineffective, but with a good subject for outline, this modest and assiduous painter executed a more pleasing and authentic head than any contemporary in America; he was long esteemed the best resident artist, and enjoyed the highest local fame before Jarvis. After his death his collection was sold to great advantage; two of his sons followed his profession, though with less reputation, and his widow and younger children lived, for many years at Bath, in England, upon the competence secured by his labor in America. His urbane and modest demeanor, and habits of cheerful industry, were precisely agreeable to the standard of the country and the times; and he soon became a favorite in the metropolis, and won the esteem of the many distinguished men with whom

his vocation brought him in frequent contact. The style of portraiture he usually adopted, contributed to his success; it was unostentatious and inexpensive, yet skilful and in good taste. He made cabinet heads with colored pigments of his own manufacture, those in profile invariably the best, at the rate of fifteen dollars each. Among the earliest specimens of his ability in England, are likenesses of Dr. Darwin's family. Sharpless, soon after his arrival, maufully adapted himself to the exigencies of a new country. He possessed mechanical talent, as is evidenced by an ingenious paper on steam carriages from his pen, that appeared in an American journal of the day; and, therefore, easily contrived a vehicle that could be drawn with facility by one large horse, over the roads of the new settlements, which contained his family, wardrobe, and apparatus. In this primitive style he traversed the land, and, besides innumerable private sitters, obtained for his own portfolio the carefully outlined features of nearly all the eminent men of the day, returning to New York to pass many years in a lucrative and popular career.

The memory of Sharpless and his career in America were pleasantly revived, within a short time, by the visit to our shores of an English gentleman, having in his possession an oil portrait of Washington by this artist, which for many years was the cherished ornament of a London dwelling—the residence of one of the firm that acted, for a considerable period, as agents of the illustrious Virginia planter, and subsequently of the great Republican chief. The owner of this precious relic was one of the many victims of the railway speculations that, not long since, brought such financial disasters upon Great Britain. An enthusiastic lover of art, when he sought to retrieve his broken fortunes in the United States, he brought with him the gems of a collection of pictures, chiefly of the English school, the result of patient accumulation and careful research. It was our good fortune to dine with him at the house of a mutual friend, soon after his arrival; and we remember the rare beauty of many of his pictures, especially a head purchased at the Beckford sale, a farm-yard scene by Moreland, and several exquisite works of living English painters. His account of the Sharpless portrait traces its history with authentic minuteness. It was well known by the *habitués* of Mr. Cary's dwelling, where it hung over the fire-place—the object of frequent discussion—at a time when good likenesses of Washington were rare in England. The artist was a relative of the merchant, and it is probable that the latter commissioned Sharpless to execute the work, or obtained it by direct pur-

chase. It fell into the hands of a confidential *employée* of the house, from whose son the more recent owner bought it, having learned the value which, in this country, at least, would attach to an original portrait of Washington; and through his own cultivated taste and liberal principles, thoroughly appreciating such an acquisition. It was exhibited at a meeting of the New York Historical Society, and elicited the most satisfactory proofs of its resemblance to the original. One venerable member, especially, attested its correctness. In a letter to the owner he described the sentiments of love and awe towards Washington, that filled his heart in boyhood, and the vivid emotions with which he first beheld him. "I got by the side of him," he says, "taking the buttons of his military coat between my fingers, and intent on looking at him, he putting his own arm around my neck. I observed distinctly the features of his face, his bland, dignified, majestic countenance, his erect, tall, towering person, his graceful movements and amiable demeanor." The declaration of such a witness that this portrait is "faithful, excellent, life-like," suggests its value. It resembles Stuart's head, but has "a latent fire in the eye," a character, vigor, and breadth which indicate an original. Its worth and interest are also increased by the painter's high reputation and attractive qualities. He originally came to this country amply supplied with means, and commissioned to execute portraits of members of English families resident in America. His admirable head of Priestley doubtless extended his renown more than any other work on this side of the water. He was partial to the institutions, and an enthusiastic admirer of the statesmen of the land. For Washington his letters breathe a profound respect and affection; and he strove to represent him not less from delight in the subject than in order to possess himself of a memorial of one in whose praises he was singularly eloquent. No artist more completely felt the difficulties of the task; none was ever inspired with more reverence for the man. "It is not in the grasp of any painter," he writes to his family, "to hold the dignity and mightiness of the great subject;" and elsewhere he expatiates upon the uniform kindness and the noble condescension of Washington. One remark is worthy of notice as an indirect but striking tribute to that habitual self-control, the cost of which in discipline and inward struggle, we have yet thoroughly to realize. "There was," says Sharpless, "a concealed, though not unconquered passion working within him, which rendered him a somewhat painful sitter. On this account," he adds, "I felt the necessity of making a dash at him

before any *ennui* could be engendered;" and to this we may fairly attribute the superior animation of the portrait. The first outline by this ingenious man was made in 1796, by the pentograph, and is, therefore, mathematically correct. Of his two colored crayons, one is the profile before described, and the other a neat front view. Of his American collection, so endeared to him that he refused to part with a single specimen, using to importunate applicants, Stuart's old excuse—that they were not quite finished—there now exist in England, two portraits of Washington, one a profile, another of Mrs. Washington, one of John Adams, and one of Jefferson and Madison—inaluable, both as authentic representations and trophies of art. Sharpless was introduced to the eminent circle, in which he long moved an honored guest, and whose brightest ornaments his pencil bequeathed, by William Jackson, the British Minister. The estimation in which he was held is indicated by the fact that he accompanied the New York Commissioners on their celebrated exploration tour to define the route of the Erie Canal. One of his letters is dated under the hospitable roof of Van Rensselaer, the Albany Patroon, in which he speaks of Morris, Clinton, Porter, Eddy, and other active friends of the great internal improvement enterprise, as among the company assembled there.

The profile likeness of Washington by Sharpless, is a valuable item of the legacy which Art has bequeathed of those noble and benign features; he evidently bestowed upon it his greatest skill, and there is no more correct facial outline of the immortal subject in existence; a disciple of Lavater would probably find it the most available side-view for physiognomical inference; it is remarkably adapted to the brine, and has been once, at least, adequately engraved; it also has the melancholy attraction of being the last portrait of Washington taken from life.

On embarking the second time for America, Sharpless confessed a presentiment that he should die there. He continued, however, for many years, to mingle in the best society of New York, where his polished manners, high integrity, artistic skill, and partiality for republican character, made him a genial and respected companion. In this city of his adoption he died, after a brief illness, February 6, 1811, and was buried from St. Peter's Church, Barclay Street. Among his pall-bearers we find names that evince the place he held in public regard, such as Bleecker, Dunlap, Catlin, and Wilkes.

A letter of Washington's, dated at New York, in 1789, courteously acknow-

ledges an introduction brought him from Cambridge by Edward Savage, in which he is respectfully solicited to sit to that painter, who had offered to execute his portrait as a gift to Harvard College. It is probable that the opportunity was gained, by this very mediocre painter, entirely on account of the institution whence the request emanated; for the work of Mr. Savage, still in the collection of the university, compares quite unfavorably with the heads of the old worthies, portrayed not only by Copley, but his very inferior successors in New England. It has the attraction, indeed, which belongs to every representation from the life of an illustrious character, whose effigy can never be seen with indifference by American eyes. It bears an obvious resemblance to the Wertmüller portrait. But is a hard and heavy production, deficient in genuine expression and skilful finish. This picture dates soon after Washington's inauguration, and was tolerably engraved by Young Edwin, from whose burin proceeded that formal but once favorite print, called *The Washington Family*, the original of which was by Savage, and long preserved at the Museum in New York. He was originally a print publisher, and chiefly engraved portraits executed by himself. He owes the distinction he enjoyed to the low state of the arts and the paucity of artists in his day, and is now remembered only as having been the first teacher of Jarvis, and the painter of a *medium* likeness of the first American President.

According to a family tradition, in 1795, when Washington was sixty-two years old, a Swedish artist—Wertmüller, who had executed a portrait of him at Philadelphia, presented it to Mr. Cazenove, by whom it was taken to Switzerland; a few years since it was purchased of his descendants by an American, and engraved for Irving's life of Washington.

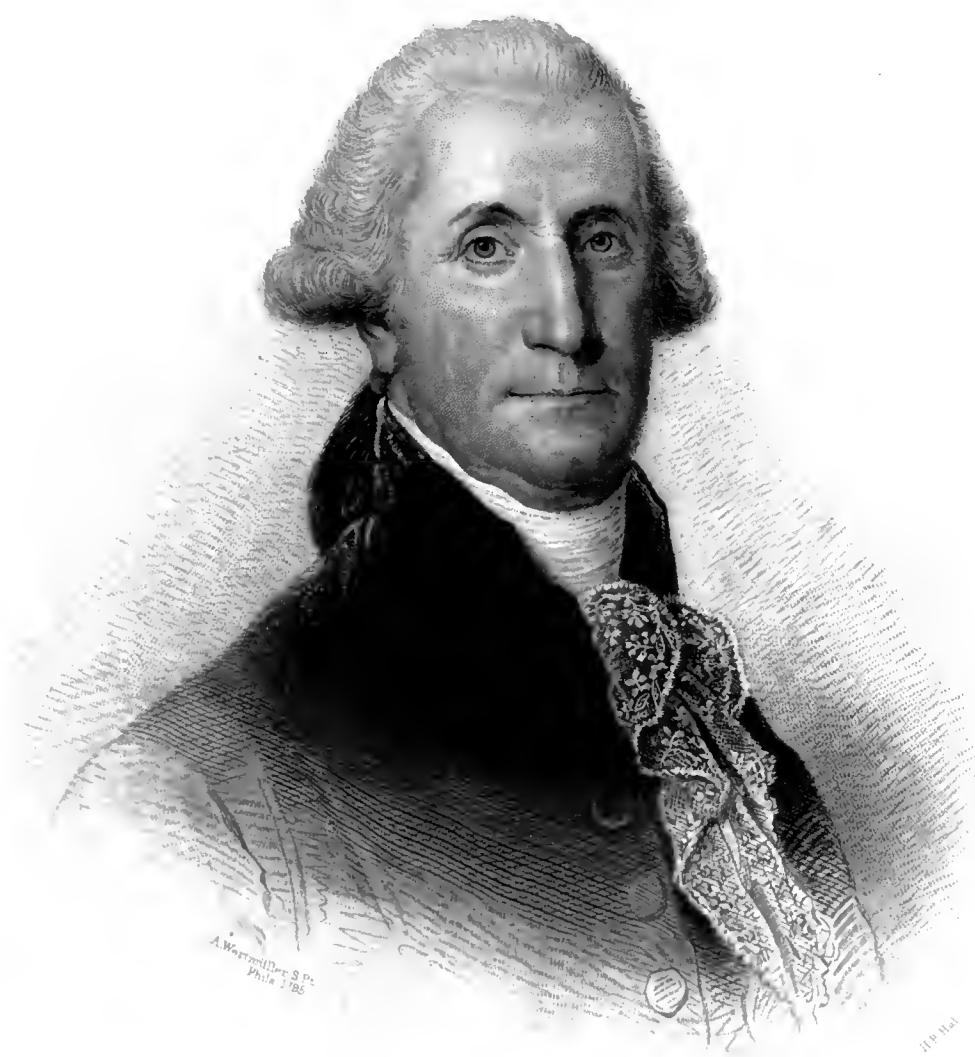
A counterpart of this Wertmüller portrait was, however, offered for sale by a well-known house in New York, two or three years before the one in question was engraved—"Judging from the engraving," writes Dr. Sparks, "I agree entirely with all you have said of the picture. I remember no one which appears to me to represent Washington's features and character more imperfectly. It looks twenty years younger than Stuart's—though painted nearly at the same time or a little later. The compressed lips, which Washington certainly possessed, as well before as after his false teeth, are idealized into an unmeaning fulness; and the whole expression is wanting in the force and individuality which appear in the other portraits." Another similar portrait by the same artist was presented

by Monsieur Le Grand to Mr. Cornelius Bogert, and is now in possession of Dr. Bogert of New York.

Opinions are quite diverse in regard to the WERTMÜLLER portrait. There are many points of executive merit in the original not completely rendered in the engraving; the air of the head, the grave and refined look, well-arranged hair, neat ruffles, and old-fashioned coat, sprinkled at the shoulders with powder, at once give the somewhat vague yet unmistakable impression of "the portrait of a gentleman." There is an expression of firmness and clear-sightedness, and an erect, brave attitude which reveals the soldier; and there is more animation than we are accustomed to see in portraits of Washington. The latter trait is probably that which led to the selection of this picture as an illustration to Irving's Biography.

Adolph Ulric Wertmüller was a devoted student of art, but his taste and style were chiefly formed under the influence of the old French Academy—and long before the delicate adherence to nature which now redeems the best modern pictures of French artists, had taken the place of a certain artificial excellence and devotion to mere effect. The career of this accomplished painter was marked by singular vicissitudes;—a native of Stockholm, after preparatory studies there, he went to Paris, and remained several years acquiring both fame and fortune by his pencil; the latter, however, was nearly all lost by the financial disasters at the outbreak of the Revolution, and Wertmüller embarked for America, and arrived in Philadelphia in 1794. He was well received and highly estimated; Washington sat to him;* in 1796 he returned to Europe, but, after a brief period, the failure of a commercial house at Stockholm, in whose care he had placed his funds, so vexed him, that he returned to Philadelphia in 1800, where he soon after exhibited his large and beautiful picture of "Danaë"—which, while greatly admired for the executive talent it displayed, was too exceptionable a subject to meet with the approbation of the sober citizens, whose sense of propriety was so much more vivid than their enthusiasm for art. Wertmüller soon after married a lady of Swedish descent, purchased a farm at Marcus Hook, in Delaware County, Penn.,—and resided there in much comfort and tranquillity, until his death in 1812. His pictures were sold at auction; and a small copy of the "Danaë" brought \$500; the original, some years after, being purchased in New York for

* See notice of Wertmüller in *Analectic Magazine*, 1815.



George Washington

A. W. Willard Sculps
NEW YORK: B. T. COLEMAN



three times that sum. In an appreciative notice of him, which appeared soon after his death in a leading literary journal, there is the following just reference to his portrait of Washington: "It has been much praised and frequently copied on the continent of Europe; but it has a forced and foreign air, into which the painter seems to have fallen by losing sight of the noble presence before him, in an attempt after ideal dignity."^{*}

Wertmüller was eminent in his day for miniatures and oil portraits. Our first knowledge of him was derived from the superb picture of Danaë, which, for some time, occupied a nook, curtained from observation, in the studio of the late Henry Inman, of New York, and it was exhibited in Washington City, thirty years ago. There was fine drawing and rich color in this voluptuous creation—enough to convey a high idea of the skill and grace of the artist. With this picture vividly in the mind, it is difficult to realize that the chaste, subdued portrait of Washington was from the same hand.

It was confidently asserted, that Washington invariably noted in his diary his sittings to portrait-painters, and that no entry appears in reference to this picture. Its claim to originality was, therefore, questioned, and even positively denied by Mr. Custis; there is, however, no reason to doubt the fact that Washington sat to Wertmüller, according to the received belief and cotemporary record. With the impatience of the whole subject, that Washington confessed at last, he may have ceased to record what became a penance; and were the picture satisfactory in other respects, we should not be disposed to complain that it was skilfully combined from other portraits. But, in our view, the engraving, at least, has intrinsic faults. It is neither the Washington familiar to observation as portrayed, nor to fancy as idealized. There is a self-conscious expression about the mouth, not visible in Stuart's or Trumbull's heads, and out of character in itself; the eyebrows are raised so as to indicate either a supercilious or a surprised mood, both alien to Washington's habitual state of mind; it is impossible for the brows to be knit between the eyes, and arched over them at the same time, as in this engraving; the eyes themselves have a staring look; the animation so much wanted is here obtained at the expense of that serenity which was a normal characteristic of the man; we miss the modesty, the latent power, the placid strength, so intimately associated with the looks as well as the nature of Wash-

* *Analectic Magazine.*

ington; the visage is too elongated; compared with the Athenaeum portrait this picture has a common-place expression; it does not approach it in moral elevation; we should pass it by in a gallery as the likeness of a gentleman and a brave officer, but not linger over it as the incarnation of disinterested, magnanimous, loyal courage, such as lent a certain unconscious, impressive, and superior aspect to Washington, and divided him, by an infinite distance, from the mob of vulgar heroes.

In 1847, Mr. Charles Fox proclaimed the discovery of an original portrait of Washington, in the possession of a respectable family of Boston, claimed to be the work of a relative. The name of this artist was Fullerton, who, with his brother, ranked high among the juvenile patriots of his native town, was a visitor to Gage's camp, and traced the features of his country's hero as he appeared reviewing the troops on Boston Common; after a voyage to India for his health, he came home only to die, and was buried in the old graveyard of King's Chapel. Mr. Fox had this portrait engraved by G. G. Smith, and obtained a certificate of its value, as a correct resemblance, from H. G. Otis, John Wells, David Ellis, and other well known and venerable citizens of Boston. There are, indeed, certain familiar lines in the profile, and a general, though vague similitude to the acknowledged likeness; but as a work of art it is stiff and hard: the eye is larger in proportion, the muscles of the lower jaw less firm, and the nose more straight, than in the majority of previous and subsequent representations. It may, however, be justly regarded as a curious relic.

Another limner, a Genevan by birth, who came to the same city in 1780, Du Cimitiere, made a portrait which the family thought good, and which for a while had some circulation abroad, through engraved copies executed in Paris. Eccleston, a Virginian, modeled his head in 1796. Robert Fulton, in that transition period of his enterprising life, when art disputed the empire of his mind with science, full of patriotic enthusiasm for so illustrious a subject, painted Washington in 1782; but his ineffective labors as an artist were soon forgotten in the signal triumphs of his mechanical genius. In the following year, William Dunlap, then a youthful tyro, performed the same office with limited success, at Rocky Hill, New Jersey. Although what may be termed the incidental labors of the artists of the day, many of them deficient in the higher qualities for portraiture, to embody and transmit the countenance of Washington, have ceased to have any value except to the antiquarian and the virtuoso, an exception

should be made in favor of the felicitous pencil of Samuel Folwell, a miniature-painter, who, availing himself of the President's appearance on a public occasion, in Philadelphia, watched his opportunity, and caught so true a profile from the unconscious subject at a moment when his features were most expressive, that a leading journal of the day declared it the most spirited and correct likeness ever taken. A fac-simile from the original of this profile was engraved for "Watson's Annals."

Nicholas Cruger, the original patron of Alexander Hamilton, embarked for Europe with a portrait of Washington, and was brought back to port by a British cruiser—the picture of the "arch rebel" being the official justification of the act. The quarto edition of Lavater has a fine engraving from Stuart's portrait as one of its most significant illustrations. To exhibit the degree of perfection to which silk manufacture has attained in France, the same famous original was woven by the Jacquard loom at Lyons into a marvellous copy at a cost of many thousand dollars, and employed several *artistes* the greater part of two years.

"In a small room," writes a late visitor* to Mount Vernon, "adjoining the large hall in which Washington entertained his friends, is one of the celebrated 'Pitcher Portraits' of the first President, in a deep gilt frame. These portraits, printed upon china pitchers, are now extremely rare. This one has been carefully cut from the pitcher and framed; and upon the paper that covers the back, some appreciating pen, supposed to be that of an English gentleman, has written the following admirable eulogium, in the epitaphic form: '*Washington: the Defender of his Country—the Founder of Liberty—the Friend of Man. History and Tradition* are explored in vain for a parallel to his character. In the annals of modern Greatness he stands alone; and the noblest names of *Antiquity* lose their lustre in his Presence. Born the Benefactor of Mankind; he united all the qualities necessary to an illustrious career. Nature made him great; he made himself virtuous. Called by his Country to the defence of her liberties, he triumphantly vindicated the rights of Humanity; and on the pillar of National Independence laid the foundation of a Great Republic. Twice invested with Supreme magistracy, by the unanimous voice of a free people, he surpassed in the Cabinet the glories of the Field, and voluntarily resigning the Sceptre and the Sword, retired to the shades of private life. A spectacle so new and sublime was contemplated with the profoundest admiration, and the

* B. J. Lossing.

name of Washington, adding new lustre to Humanity, resounded to the remotest regions of the earth. Magnanimous in Youth, glorious through Life, great in Death; his highest ambition the Happiness of Mankind; his noblest victory, the conquest of himself. Bequeathing to posterity the inheritance of his fame and building his monument in the hearts of his countrymen, he lived the ornament of the 18th century; he died regretted by a mourning world.'"

Archibald Robertson, born on the 8th of May, 1765, the eldest son of William R. Robertson of Aberdeen, was highly esteemed both as an oil, and miniature painter; and his studio in Liberty Street, New York, was familiar to her leading citizens at the period when many of our revolutionary statesmen yet survived; he is now kept in the memory of their descendants by several large engravings from his portraits of distinguished men—all of which, though crudely executed, bear the impress of character and skill. This artist was commissioned by the Earl of Buchan to paint a portrait of Washington, who, in his correspondence, manifests a strong desire to meet the wishes of this nobleman, who paid him a significant compliment by sending the letter asking the favor, and introducing the painter, in a box made from the identical oak which sheltered Wallace after the battle of Falkirk. "The manner of the execution," he writes to the Earl, in transmitting the picture, "does no discredit to the artist of whose skill favorable mention has been made to me." Robertson first painted Washington and his wife in miniature; these originals at present belong to a granddaughter of the artist who resides in New York; they were photographed recently, and, although the effect of time and exposure on the coloring is evident, there is much in the miniature of the General (which was long used as a brooch) that makes it especially valuable and interesting. In the opinion of several well-qualified judges, Robertson succeeded best with the eyes, as did Stuart with the head, Sharpless with the expression, and Trumbull with the form. Like other limners of the illustrious subject, this accomplished artist recorded the circumstances and impressions under which his task was fulfilled. From a copy of one of his manuscripts in the possession of Mr. T. C. W. Moore, it appears he experienced the same discomposure as Stuart and Sharpless acknowledge, in the attempt to come into an easy relation with their sitter—a process essential to success both to secure a familiar expression in the subject and a freedom of execution in the artist. With his accustomed kindness, Washington did all in his power to make the reverential painter feel at home.

"The General," writes Robertson, "not finding his efforts altogether successful, introduced me to Mrs. Washington, whose easy, polished, and familiar gaiety and ceaseless cheerfulness almost accomplished a cure." Another effort of the President to compose his guest was at a family dinner-party, at which the General, contrary to his usual habits, engrossed most of the conversation, and so delighted the company with humorous anecdotes, that he completely set the table in a roar.

And to this suggestive anecdote, Robertson adds the following facts:—

"The first sittings for the original miniature of General and Mrs. Washington were in Philadelphia toward the end of December, 1791, and finished in January, 1792. In the succeeding month of April, the portrait (in oil) of Washington for Lord Buchan was dispatched by Col. Lear, then on a mission to Europe. His Lordship afterwards expressed his high satisfaction in a letter of thanks to the artist. The original miniatures he (the artist) retains in his own possession, and intends them to remain in his family an heirloom and memorial of his veneration for the great and successful champion of American Liberty."

In some of the reminiscences of the American stage, the name of a Dane—Christian Gullager, a scene-painter, occurs; Dunlap speaks of him as a great dun of Cooper's; he was one of those adventurous limners who bring the palette and pencil to account in any manner which will afford subsistence. Born in Copenhagen in 1762, he came to America in 1784 and landed at Boston. He executed portraits when he could find a subject, but also relied upon theatrical scenery and sign-boards. He flourished some years in Philadelphia, afterwards in New York, designed the present coat-of-arms of the State of Pennsylvania, and as a flag and sign-painter was quite distinguished. During Washington's visit to Boston, in 1789, Gullager, from a pew behind the pulpit, made a sketch of him, as he listened in church to an oratorio performed in his honor. This was considered so promising that, armed with courteous introductions, the artist followed the President to Portsmouth, N. H., where he obtained a sitting, to complete his work, as appears by the following entry in a diary of Washington's recently printed: "Tuesday, 3d (November, 1789, at Portsmouth, N. H.), sat two hours in the forenoon to Mr. ——, painter, of Boston, at the request of Mr. Brick [probably Samuel Breck, Esq.] of that place, who wrote Major Jackson, that it was an earnest desire of many inhabitants of that town, that he might be indulged." The portrait was disposed of by raffle for the benefit of

the artist, and fell to the lot of Daniel Sargent, Jr., who presented it to Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap, in the possession of whose grandson it now remains. It is one of the most unpleasant attempts at a likeness imaginable; the aspect is that of more advanced age than any other representation, and the whole visage is contracted, and inharmonious, and unexpressive. It has been engraved for the Massachusetts Historical Society, and is included in their published proceedings.* Gullager was tall and thin, active and courteous; he died in Philadelphia in 1826, leaving nine children. His son, Capt. Gullager, was many years in the employ of Stephen Girard. Among this artist's portraits are one of Rev. Dr. Ashbel Green, of Princeton College, several of the late Dr. Woodhull's family, and one of the late Rev. J. Janeway.

During the war of the Revolution Louis XVI. sent his celebrated painter, Lebarbier, for the double purpose of presenting Washington with the order of San Esprit, and painting his portrait; the latter was sold with the painter's other effects during the French Revolution; it was purchased by a citizen of New Orleans—C. Duhamel, and not long since was exhibited in that city; large and unsymmetrical like Wright's, it yet has much grace of attitude, and is striking from its reflection of the illustrious subject in his prime, and with characteristic benevolence and repose of expression. There is a good silhouette by Miss De Hart, of Elizabethtown, N. J., cut in 1783, and presented by Mrs. Washington to Mrs. Duer. A beautiful miniature painted on enamel by Birch, is in the possession of a grandson of Washington's friend, McHenry, of Baltimore. A miniature taken at the age of twenty-five (and engraved for this work) was presented by Washington to his niece Harriet, afterwards wife of Mr. Parks, of Western Virginia, in whose daughter's possession it still remains. A portrait belonging to Count d'Estaing hung in the cabin of the Languedoc on the occasion of an entertainment on board, while the French fleet were off Newport, R. I.† Mr. Boudinot, of Burlington, N. J., has what is claimed to be an ori-

* 1855-58.

† "BOSTON, Oct. 11, 1778.—[Extract of a letter from a gent. on R. Island, dated Oct. 11, 1778.]—Monday se'night, a large company of gentlemen and ladies dined on board the Languedoc, at the invitation of Count d'Estaing. The entertainment was highly elegant. A picture of General Washington, at full length, lately presented to the Count by Gov. Hancock, was placed in the centre of the upper side of the room, the frame of which was covered with laurels."—*Penn. Packet*, Nov. 10, 1778.

ginal portrait; and the one in miniature taken at the age of twenty-five, on a bracelet formerly belonging to Washington's niece, is still owned in Virginia. General Van Renssellaer of Albany, has an effective bust in heroic style by David d'Angers; and in the possession of Mr. Walker of London, are still both a profile and a full-face likeness by Sharpless; one of the former is also in the family of the late Hon. James Hillhouse, of New Haven.

Among the secondary effigies of Washington may be mentioned, also, two portraits by James Peale, and a bas-relief in wax by Mrs. Wright, now in the possession of H. P. Beck, Esq., of Philadelphia.

A curious medal was cast by Jacob Perkins, the celebrated inventor, on the occasion of the funeral ceremonies at the death of Washington, observed at Newburyport, Mass. It was about the size of a two-shilling piece, and bore the motto, "He is in glory and the world in tears."*—"A medal" (says the *Pennsylvania Packet* of July 16, 1778) "has been lately struck at Paris, by direction of Mr. Voltaire, in honor of General Washington: on one side is the bust of the General with this inscription: 'George Washington, Esq., Commander of the Continental Army in America;' the reverse is decorated with the emblems of war, and the following inscription: 'Washington re-unit par un rare assemblage les talens du guerrier et les vertus du sage.'"

A singular chapter in the history of Washington's portraits is suggested by the following paragraph from the "American Apollo":†

"In the late debate in Congress on the Mint Bill, the motion for striking the President's head upon the coin was warmly opposed by a certain gentleman, in a very lengthy speech, as favoring monarchical principles. A gentleman from this State rose, and said, he perceived the same objection might be made to the Eagle on the reverse of the coin, and he thought it would best to substitute a more harmless and less monarchical bird, and begged leave to recommend a Goose."‡

A favorite engraving in France during our Revolutionary era and at the commencement of theirs, represented the profile likenesses, well executed and in a line with each other, of Washington, Lafayette, and Rochambeau. By the following note, in one of his diaries, it appears another miniature besides those already mentioned, was taken of him expressly for Mrs. Washington:—"Saturday, the

* Hist. Mag., vol. ii. p. 213.

† Vol. i. p. 216.

‡ Washington Coins, &c. For a descriptive list of the Washington Coins, see Appendix.

3rd [of October, 1789], sat for Mr. Rammage near two hours to-day, who was drawing a miniature picture of me for Mrs. Washington."

This painter was of Irish parentage, and quite a beau in his day; he left Boston, where he had been a fashionable miniature painter, with the British troops in 1777, and opened a studio in William Street, New York, much frequented by military officers and the belles of the time. He appears to have excelled in his special branch, which he occasionally varied by a pastel sketch or a life-size portrait; in miniature he practised, to the admiration of his patrons, what was called the line in distinction to the dotted style. Rammage was a fine-looking man, of medium height, and with a vivacious eye and intelligent expression. His favorite dress, according to Dunlap, was a scarlet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, white silk vest embroidered with colored flowers, black satin breeches and paste knee-buckles, white silk stockings, and large silver buckles in his shoes; a small cocked hat covered only the upper portion of his well-powdered locks, so that the curls were displayed at the ears; the invariable accessories to this costume were a gold snuff-box and gold-headed cane.

One of the few accomplished foreign ladies who graced the republican court, during Washington's administration, was Madame de Bréhan, sister of the French minister, Count de Moustier, who possessed considerable talent for drawing. She made two profile heads of Washington, one of which he gave to Mrs. Bingham, and the other was taken to France by the artist and handsomely engraved. In a letter to her brother, from Mount Vernon, in 1790, Washington expresses his gratification at the receipt of several proof impressions of this work. As thus exhibited, it has quite the look of an etching from a Roman medallion; the outline is serene and noble, but the wreath round the brow gives it a half classical and half French air, not easily associated with the head of an American hero. It is, however, a graceful tribute from a countrywoman of Lafayette. This portrait, however, agreeably symbolizes the days when Washington held counsels of war with Rochambeau and D'Estaing, corresponded with Gouverneur Morris on the events of the French Revolution, and became the courteous sitter to a fair Parisian limner.

From a note in his diary dated Oct. 3, 1789, his own estimation of this likeness is apparent: "Walked in the afternoon and sat about two o'clock for Madame de Bréhan, to complete a miniature profile of me which she had begun from memory, and which she had made exceedingly like the original." A curious pro-

file, which his friend Powell traced from the shadow on the wall, of his august countenance, is in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society and has recently been engraved.*

Several statues, based partly on authentic memorials and somewhat drawn from an imaginary conception of Washington's appearance, have been executed within the last fifty years. In that which Canova made for the state of North Carolina, almost wholly destroyed in the conflagration of the Capitol at Raleigh, he seems to have followed his own idea of an heroic figure rather than any actual data; the work, however, justly obtained applause as a noble and graceful piece of statuary. A private subscription gained for Massachusetts the effective statue from the chisel of Chantrey which now stands in the lower hall of the State House in Boston. With less freedom of design than Canova the English sculptor yet sought mainly for an impressive result, and in this his success is undenial. The figure is draped in a military cloak whose ample folds are disposed with the grace of a Roman toga. So elaborate is this costume that soon after the statue was placed upon its pedestal, two countrymen who gazed upon it in the twilight, proposed to repeat their visit in the morning, under the idea that it was "covered for the night."† It is now conceded in Europe, that Hiram Powers is one of the great-

* For J. J. Smith's *American Antiquities*.

† "This celebrated work of art, by Sir Francis Chantrey, was placed in its present situation during the month of October, 1827. It is constructed of white Italian marble, from the quarries of Carrara, and was completed at an expense of some fifteen thousand dollars. Chantrey, one of the most eminent of British sculptors, was long employed upon this noble specimen of art, which, in the opinion of competent judges, is ranked among the best productions of his chisel. That part of the edifice in which it stands was built expressly for the reception of the statue, and is attached to the rear of the State House, ascending as high as the second story of that structure. The interior is an oblong square, thirty feet long by thirteen broad, with a dome at the top, throwing its light into the vaulted recess, where the statue is placed. The whole edifice appears like a recess in the large and lofty hall of the State House, with which it communicates by means of three arched entrances.

"As we ascend the successive flights of steps which give access from Beacon Street to the portal of the State House, we perceive the figure of Washington, in the long vista between the pillars of the Hall. Even at that distance, its aspect of calm and thoughtful dignity impresses the beholder, and causes him to advance with some faint semblance of the feeling with which he would have approached the presence of the illustrious original. The statue, which is seven feet in height, stands on a pedestal, with the left foot somewhat advanced, and the weight of the

est living masters of the art of executing busts from life. The astonishing precision of his eye and touch in the detail both of feature and expression, added to a rare power of generalization, and the unique finish he bestows upon his works by means of tools and a process of his own invention, renders a bust from his hand, especially if the subject is favorable, not less perfect as a resemblance than invaluable as a trophy of art. It is remarkable that the first practical hint in the form of a specimen, which this artist ever beheld, was a plaster cast of Houdon's head of Washington brought by an itinerant vender to his Western home. He has made this the basis of a head sent from Florence as a gift to one of his friends.* The moulding of the frontal region so significant of extraordinary perceptive organs, would delight a phrenologist; there is an expansive candor in the open look, a sublime dignity in the air, an ingenuous and benign intrepidity in the whole aspect, that corresponds intimately with our exalted impression of Washington's character. The mouth here, as in all the later portraits, presents the great difficulty; that elusive feature, always the most baffling to the artist, in this case is peculiarly so—from the circumstance that its firm and characteristic expression has never been satisfactorily delineated. This model bust is frequently copied to meet orders.

When the time arrived for the United States Government to commission a native sculptor, of approved genius, to execute a statue of Washington for the Capitol, the merits and defects of Greenough's work were fully discussed by tyros and critics, by backwoods representatives and New England scholars, by foreign artists and domestic journalists. Eloquent tributes from writers of the first class as regards experience and taste, have been spontaneously offered; and the most vulgar diatribes were uttered at the seat of government, where it was first exposed to view, by men whose ignorance of art was only equalled by their brutal want of respect both to the subject, the artist, and the just claims of criticism. The best explanation of the design, and the most candid appreciation of the achievement itself, is the paper on the subject by the late A. H. Everett. A description of Greenough's statue is needless, familiar as it has now become to the country: but

body resting chiefly on the right. The head is slightly turned towards the left. The right hand grasps a roll of manuscript, and the left supports the heavy folds of the ample cloak, which forms the drapery of the statue."—*Mount Vernon Record*.

* Sidney Brooks, Esq.

those who remember the assurance with which certain members of Congress, wholly unacquainted with what Goethe calls "the law of a production," berated this work, cannot but recognise one of the most prominent traits of American character—that indomitable self-confidence which leads each citizen of "the greatest country on earth," especially when possessed of legislative functions, to deem himself an adequate judge of all subjects from a system of medicine to a principle in mechanics, and from a degree in theology to a work of art; the right of private judgment is thus found to trench materially upon the authority of professional knowledge in all departments; but in none is this charlatanism of universal self-esteem more grotesque in its display than when the higher branches of art, letters, and philosophy, are thus made the subjects of complacent and superficial comment. In the case of Greenough's statue of Washington, without deprecating criticism, to the need of which none was more sensible than the artist himself, now that death has silenced his eloquent voice and time hushed that of his unauthorized detractors, it may be a lesson to those who have never studied the limits of the art, and the inherent obstacles of the task, to note how the young sculptor thought and felt about his arduous undertaking, and expressed himself on the subject in the confidence of friendly correspondence:

In reference to the proposed transfer of the statue, from the Rotunda to the eastern front of the Capitol, he writes:

"Had I been ordered to make a statue for any square or similar situation at the metropolis, I should have represented Washington on horseback, and in his actual dress. I would have made my work purely an historical one. I have treated the subject诗etically, and confess I should feel pain at seeing it placed in direct and flagrant contrast with every-day life. Moreover I modelled the figure without reference to an exposure to rain and frost, so that there are many parts of the statue where the water would collect and soon disintegrate and rot the stone, if it did not, by freezing, split off large fragments of the drapery."

And in another letter alluding to the difficulties of the work:

"A colossal statue of a man whose career makes an epoch in the world's history, is an immense undertaking. To fail in it is only to prove that one is not as great in art as the hero himself was in life. Had my work shown a presumptuous opinion that I had an easy task before me, had it betrayed a yearning rather after the wages of art than the honest fame of it, I should have deserved the bitterest things that have been said of it and of me. Even Canova and Chantrey never passed the line of mediocrity in their images of Washington."

And again in reference to the expense:

"I beg you to ascertain the amount expended by the government in colonnades, mere displays of material luxury, without one object to justify the outlay beyond the pomp of straight shafts of stone. Compare the sums with those voted for the monument to Washington, and you will see how far we are from economy on one side, and from true architectural beauty on the other." * * * *

Speaking of its reception, he remarks:

"Allow me to exult a little that, during the months I spent at Washington, while my statue was the butt of wiseacres and witlings, I never, in word or thought, swerved from my principle—that the general mind is alone a quorum to judge a great work. When, in future time, the true sculptors of America have filled the metropolis with beauty and grandeur, will it not be worth \$30,000 to be able to point to that figure and say—'there was the first struggle of our infant art?'"*

In a letter to the Secretary of State, written when his statue was embarked, and published among the Congressional documents relating to the work, Greenough apologizes thus eloquently for not having shipped it on board the frigate Constitution, as directed by the government, where it would have been exposed on deck:

"I may be found to have acted without due consideration for the opinion of Commodore Hull, but I beg leave to represent that, although I have been paid for this statue—I have still an interest in it—the interest of a father in his child. It is the birth of my thought. I have sacrificed to it the flower of my days and the freshness of my strength; its every lineament has been moistened by the sweat of my toil, and the tears of my exile. I would not barter away its association with my name for the proudest fortune that avarice ever dreamed. In giving it up to the nation that has done me the honor to order it at my hand, I respectfully claim for it that protection which it is the boast of civilization to afford to Art, and which a generous enemy has more than once been seen to extend even to the monuments of its own defeat."

Familiar with these noble sentiments of the artist, and aware of his enthusiastic self-devotion, when we first beheld this statue the feelings awakened found expression in the following lines:

WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

The quarry whence thy form majestic sprung
Has peopled earth with grace,

* Letter to Hon. R. C. Winthrop.

Heroes and gods that elder bards have sung,
A bright and peerless race ;
But from its sleeping veins ne'er rose before
A shape of loftier name
Than his, who Glory's wreath with meekness wore,
The noblest son of Fame.
Sheathed is the sword that Passion never stained ;
His gaze around is cast,
As if the joys of Freedom, newly gained,
Before his vision passed ;
As if a nation's shout of love and pride
With music filled the air,
And his calm soul was lifted on the tide
Of deep and grateful prayer ;
As if the crystal mirror of his life
To fancy sweetly came,
With scenes of patient toil and noble strife,
Undimmed by doubt or shame ;
As if the lofty purpose of his soul
Expression would betray—
The high resolve Ambition to control,
And thrust her crown away !
O, it was well in marble firm and white
To carve our hero's form,
Whose angel guidance was our strength in fight,
Our star amid the storm !
Whose matchless truth has made his name divine,
And human freedom sure,
His country great, his tomb earth's dearest shrine,
While man and time endure !
And it is well to place his image there,
Upon the soil he blest ;
Let meaner spirits, who its counsels share,
Revere that silent guest !
Let us go up with high and sacred love
To look on his pure brow,
And as, with solemn grace, he points above,
Renew the patriot's vow !

James Lee, Esq., of New York, upon returning from Europe, several years

since, earnestly advocated the erection of a statue of Washington in the city of New York. Like many of his travelled countrymen he was impressed with the appropriateness and beauty of statuary monuments as the ornaments and trophies of a great city, and deeply felt our national inferiority in this regard. It was only by degrees that he succeeded in enlisting the sympathy and "material aid" of his fellow-citizens in his laudable project. Among other instances of discouragement is one related by Dr. Francis:—"The equestrian statue of Washington, executed with artistic ability by Brown and erected in Union Square through the patriotic efforts of Col. Lee, aided by our liberal merchants, adds grace to the beauty of that open thoroughfare of the city. There is a story on this subject which, I hope, will find embodiment in some future edition of Joe Miller. Col. Lee had assiduously collected a subscription for this successful statue; among others, towards the close of his labors, he honored an affluent citizen of the neighborhood, by an application for aid in the goodly design. 'There is no need of the statue,' exclaimed the votary of wealth; 'Washington lives in the hearts of his countrymen; that is his statue.' 'Ah! indeed,' replied the Colonel, 'does he live in yours?' 'Truly he does.' 'Then,' was the reply, 'I am sorry, very sorry he occupies so mean a tenement.'"

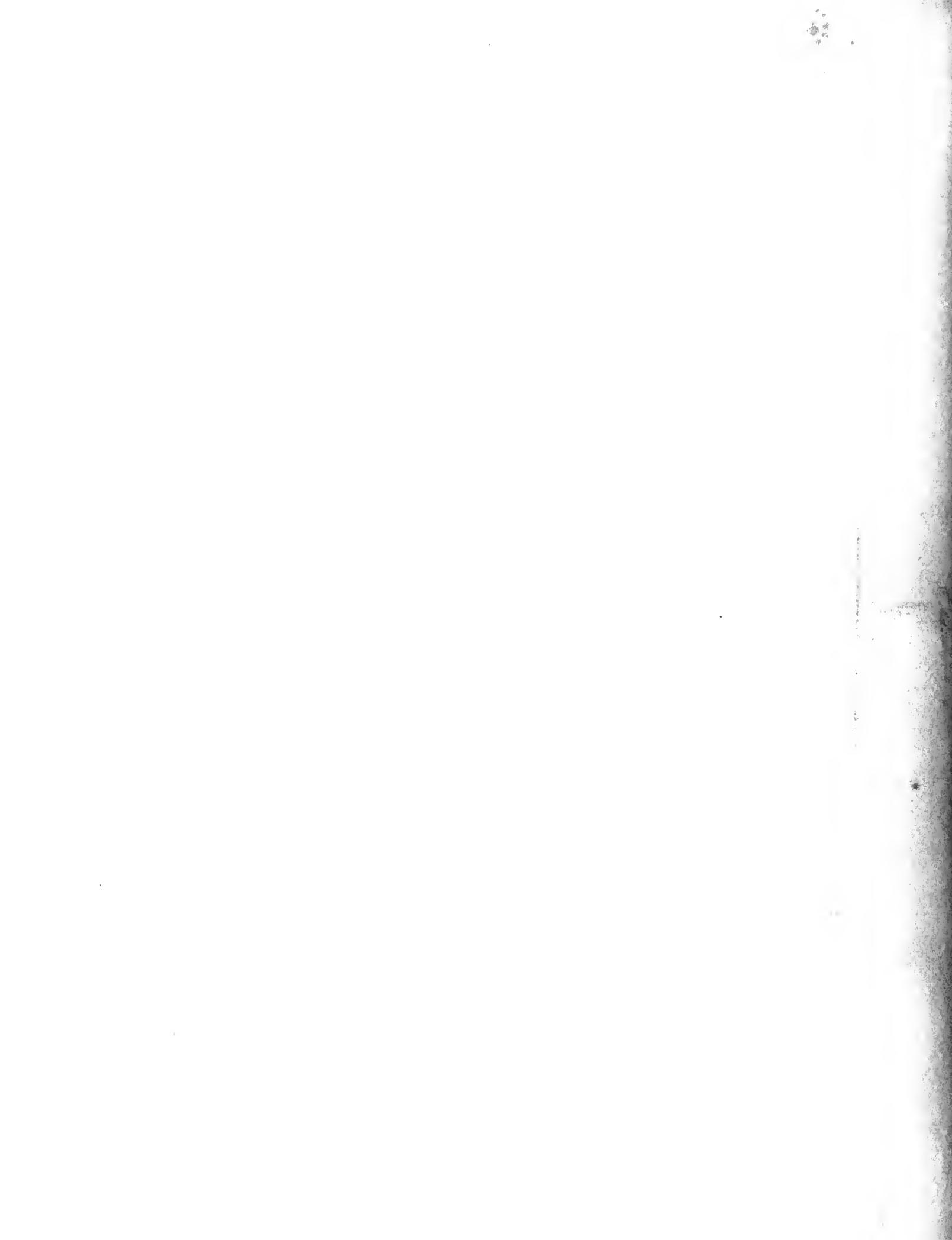
We were first informed of this projected work by the late accomplished sculptor, Horatio Greenough, who entered into it with characteristic zeal and intelligence, advocating the subscription with the merchants and discussing the design artistically; he was to have executed the statue in conjunction with H. K. Brown, and made some preliminary studies, but eventually abandoned the enterprise owing to some difference of opinion with those financially interested. The statue was begun in February, 1853, and stood completed and inaugurated on the Eightieth Anniversary of American Independence, July 4, 1856. To the energy and tact of Col. Lee we are indebted for this ornament and memorial. It represents Washington on horseback in the act of recalling his troops to repose; the figure is bareheaded, the hat resting on his bridle arm, sword sheathed; right hand extended as if commanding quiet; the drapery is the simple continental uniform; the face is slightly upturned; the pedestal is fourteen feet by sixteen, figure fourteen feet, and its extreme height twenty; it is the largest casting yet made in the country, and was done at Chicopee, Mass.; the subscriptions were

* "Old New York," p. 27.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON BY H. K. BRUHN
PRINTER'S SIGNATURE NEW YORK

NEW YORK: C. P. BRIDGMAN



chiefly derived from the merchants of New York in sums of five hundred dollars each. The character of the work is heroic; and while open to criticism has been declared on high authority to have the peculiar merit of being technically good and effective from many points of view. Measures have recently been taken to secure an equestrian statue of Washington for the city of Boston.*

The latest and most triumphant attempt to embody and illustrate the features, form, and character of Washington in statuary, was made by the late American sculptor—THOMAS CRAWFORD. How well he studied, and how adequately he reproduced the head of his illustrious subject, may be realized by a careful examination of the noble and expressive marble bust of Washington from his chisel, now in the possession of John Ward, Esq., of New York. Commissions for duplicates of this bust, with different drapery, are constantly sent from the still active studio of the lamented artist, and executed under the faithful direction of his former pupil and head-workman. Essentially, and as far as contour and proportions are concerned, based upon the model of Houdon, this beautiful and majestic effigy is instinct with the character of its subject, so that while satisfactory in detail as a resemblance caught from nature, it, at the same time, is executed in a spirit perfectly accordant with the traditional impressions and the instinctive ideas whence we derive our ideal of the man, the chieftain, and the patriot; the moulding of the brow, the *pose* of the head, and especially the expression of the mouth, are not less authentic than effective. But the crowning achievement of this artist is his equestrian statue executed for the State of Virginia, and now the grand trophy and ornament of her Capital.

* At a meeting of the Artists of Boston, held April 9th, 1859, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved—First—That it is desirable to adorn the metropolis of New England with an equestrian statue of Washington, to be erected in some suitable public place.

Second—That the statue should be the work of a resident artist, and should be cast in Massachusetts.

Third—That the model for an equestrian statue of Washington by Thomas Ball is a work of great artistic excellence which, enlarged to colossal proportions and cast in bronze, would be an enduring honor to the city.

Fourth—That a committee of ten be chosen for the purpose of procuring such a statue, to be executed by Thomas Ball, and placed by them on some appropriate site.

Fifth—That we will heartily aid the committee in any method which they may devise to raise funds for this object.

"When on the evening of his arrival, Crawford went to see, for the first time, his Washington in bronze at the Munich foundry, he was surprised at the dusky precincts of the vast area; suddenly torches flashed illumination on the magnificent horse and rider, and simultaneously burst forth from a hundred voices a song of triumph and jubilee; thus the delighted Germans congratulated their gifted brother and hailed the sublime work—typical to them of American freedom, patriotism, and genius. The Bavarian king warmly recognised its original merits and consummate effect; the artists would suffer no inferior hands to pack and despatch it to the sea-side; peasants greeted its triumphal progress; the people of Richmond were emulous to share the task of conveying it from the quay to Capitol Hill; mute admiration followed by ecstatic cheers, hailed its unveiling, and the most gracious native eloquence inaugurated its erection. We might descant upon the union of majesty and spirit in the figure of Washington, and the vital truth of action in the horse, the air of command and of rectitude, the martial vigor and grace, so instantly felt by the popular heart, and so critically praised by the adept in sculpture cognizant of the difficulties to overcome, and the impression to be absolutely conveyed by such a work in order to make it at once true to nature and to character; we might repeat the declaration that no figure, ancient or modern, so entirely illustrates the classical definition of oratory, as consisting in action, as the statue of Patrick Henry, one of the grand accessories of the work—which seems instinct with that memorable utterance, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' By a singular and affecting coincidence, the news of Crawford's death reached the United States simultaneously with the arrival of the ship containing this colossal bronze statue of Washington—his crowning achievement." Crawford studied the animal he proposed to portray with singular zeal; Franeoni exercised a noble horse privately for his benefit, especially bringing him into the very relation with his rider the sculptor desired to realize. In this work, the first merit is *naturalness*; although full of equine ardor, the graceful and noble animal is evidently subdued by his rider; calm power is obvious in the man; restrained eagerness in the horse; Washington's left hand is on the snaffle bridle, which is drawn back; he sits with perfect ease and dignity, the head and face a little turned to the left, as if his attention had just been called in that direction, either in expectancy, or to give an order; he points forward and a little upwards; the figure is erect, the chest thrown forward, the knees pressed to the saddle, the heel nearly beneath the



O. B. Hall

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA

THOMAS CRAWFORD, SCULPTOR

From a Photograph Admitted to the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.



shoulder, and the sole of the foot almost horizontal. The seat is a military and not a hunting seat; the horse is recognised by one acquainted with breeds, as a charger of Arab blood.

In this connection we should mention an effective life-size marble statue of Washington, executed for a wealthy citizen of Baltimore, by the late Mr. Bartholomew, of Hartford, Conn.

One of the most successful attempts to depict with historical truth and dramatic expressiveness the achievements of Washington, is the picture by Emanuel Leutze of the Passage of the Delaware, when the peerless chief struck the blow which won him the admiration of the great Frederie, and revived the sinking hopes of his country. With foot on the thwart of the boat, lips compressed, each muscle strained with energetic purpose, and eyes intently fixed on the opposite shore, dimly visible through the descending flakes, stands Washington, while athletic men in the rustic garb of the yeomen soldiery, thrust aside from the prow masses of ice; the work is vigorous, alive, effective, and executed in a masterly style. Yet so unaccustomed are we to see Washington represented otherwise than in repose, so intimately is he associated with endurance, reflection, and dignity, that it was long before the countless admirers of the picture were reconciled to this dramatic and adventurous view. It is sufficient answer to the critics who professed to doubt the possibility of so grouping the occupants of a boat, that they were originally sketched from life, several of the Dusseldorf painters having thus disposed themselves in a similar craft as models for the artist.

Besides this highly successful picture, Leutze has made Washington the subject of three other historical pictures. In one of these, "The Battle of Monmouth," although there are some admirable points, the central figure is highly objectionable. Washington looks more like a dumpy and irate farmer clad in regimentals, than the tall and indignant commander-in-chief. Another painting, representing him in early youth on a surveying or hunting expedition, is more felicitous. The handsome adolescent face is taken from a miniature belonging to Mr. Custis, and regarded as a genuine likeness made when Washington was about eighteen. He is depicted in the act of stepping over a fallen tree, with his gun resting on his shoulder and a negro following him. A more elaborate work is "Washington on Dorchester Heights," a better era of his career for pictorial art than might at first be imagined. He was then in the prime of life, had just assumed the command of the American forces, and fairly embarked on the momentous experiment

of the Revolution; it was the initiative crisis, and one which can be appreciated by recurrence to the eloquent description of Edward Everett, in an oration delivered near the scene itself on a late anniversary of our national independence. Had the orator's preceeded the artist's picture, the latter would have doubtless gained from it both in beauty and truth:

"It has been stated, in one or two well authenticated cases of persons restored after drowning, where life has been temporarily extinguished in the full glow of health, with the faculties unimpaired by disease, in perfect action, that in the last few minutes of conscious existence, the whole series of the events of the entire life comes rushing back to the mind distinctly, but with inconceivable rapidity; that the whole life is lived over again in a moment. Such a narrative, by a person of high official position and perfect credibility, I have read. We may well suppose that at this most critical moment of Washington's life, a similar concentration of thought would take place, and that the events of his past existence as they had prepared him for it—his training while yet a boy in the wilderness—his escape from drowning and the rifle of the savage on his perilous mission to Venango—the shower of iron hail through which he rode unharmed on Braddock's field, would now crowd through his memory; that much more also the past life of his country, the early stages of the great conflict now brought to its crisis—and still more solemnly the possibilities of the future for himself and for America would press upon him; the ruin of the patriotic cause if he failed at the outset—the triumphant consolidation of the revolution if he prevailed—with higher visions of the hopeful family of rising States—their auspicious growth and prosperous fortunes—hovering like a dream of angels in the remoter prospect;—all this attended with the immense desire of honest fame (for we cannot think even Washington's mind too noble to want the last infirmity)—the intense inward glow of manly heroism about to act its great part on a sublime theatre—the softness of the man chastening the severity of the chieftain, and deeply touched at the sufferings and bereavements about to be caused by the conflict of the morrow; the still tenderer emotions that breathed their sanctity over all the rest;—the thought of the faithful and beloved wife who had followed him from Mount Vernon, and of the aged mother whose heart was aching in her Virginia home for glad tidings of 'George, who was always a good boy'—all these pictures—visions—feelings—pangs;—too vast for words—too deep for tears—but swelling no doubt in one unuttered prayer to Heaven, we may well

imagine to have filled the soul of Washington at that decisive hour, as he stood upon the heights of Dorchester, with the holy stars for his camp-fire, and the deep-folding shadows of night, looped by the hand of God to the four quarters of the sky, for the curtains of his tent."

Lentze represents Washington on this memorable occasion, standing before a cannon with one hand resting upon it; the ground is white with snow; troops are busy in making entrenchments; in the distance are the bay and harbor of Boston; on the left General Putnam is overseeing and directing the works. The face of Washington in this picture is a study in itself; it beams with intelligence and manly beauty; the tone of coloring has been recognised as singularly true to the temperature of the season and the hour, in their natural effect upon the complexion; the ruddy tint has a frosty look. The lower part of the figure was censured when the work was originally exhibited; the body lacks, perhaps, solid poise; but the head is fine, the air effective; the military cloak, secured at the neck, is blown apart by the wind; there is a good wintry tint to the sunshine, and the more the face is contemplated the more expressive it appears. We heard Lentze discourse fluently of the capabilities for artistic treatment in Washington's life, the day he embarked on his last return to Europe, as we drank his health out of the silver camp-flagon of his immortal subject, appropriately presented to the artist by Mr. Custis. His zeal and dramatic perception, as well as what he has already achieved, lead us to hope for yet nobler illustrations of this patriotic theme from his vigorous pencil.

The earliest event of Washington's public career has been depicted with much spirit and grace by Huntington. Among his various escapes from death, including the Indian's rifle in the lonely wood and the shower of bullets at Braddock's defeat, his own description of the hazard he incurred in crossing the Alleghany river, when on a mission from the Governor of Virginia to the French commander on the Ohio, is memorable; and this scene forms the subject of this picture as well as a popular engraving.

As the contemporaries (and their immediate descendants) of the matchless chief passed away, the comparative authenticity of portraits and busts began to be discussed with new interest; and those familiar with him "as he lived" were continually questioned as to the degree of resemblance in the various professed likenesses; the testimony thus elicited as a matter of course was not harmonious; for the proverb that people "see with different eyes" is never more

emphatically illustrated than when the portrait of a friend or relative is under discussion. How much greater must be this discrepancy where the subject of portraiture is illustrious, and his very name associated with so many and such earnest impressions! If, however, there is any satisfactory evidence, in such a case, it doubtless may be found in the opinions of one who enjoyed frequent and intimate intercourse, various opportunities of observation, and to that keen insight which comes from admiration and sympathy, unites the habit and faculty of artistic scrutiny. Accordingly we attach no small value to a statement, the essential points of which undoubtedly came from Col. Trumbull. In a communication to a prominent literary journal, this gentleman observes that much of the diversity of opinion in regard to the original portraits of Washington grew out of the changes which time made in his appearance. He declares that whoever would see Washington as he appeared when President of the United States, should contemplate Stuart's portrait; in his prime, and earlier, his aspect was quite different; he asserts that all the original portraits, as well as the busts of Ceracchi and Houdon, are more or less absolutely like. "We are cursed," he adds, "as a nation, in the common, miserable representations of our great hero, and with shocking counterfeits of his likeness by every pitiful bungler. This evil has risen to such a height that it is necessary for something to be done to certify the public sentiment on this point, now so warmly agitated, so as to undeceive posterity. For these reasons we have drawn up this list of artists, who have painted or sculptured him from life. If we would behold the countenance of Washington in his best days, we must seek it in Houdon's bust; if we would see the graceful play of the lips in the act of speaking, and the peculiar expression of the mouth and chin, at the same moment, we must examine Ceracchi's colossal bust; if we desire to know his aspect when he began to wane and had lost his teeth, Robertson's portrait is the best; he and Stuart only make him looking *at* the spectator; his likeness as President, by the first portrait painter of the age, from life, may be found in the head painted by Gilbert Stuart, in 1796, and now belonging to the Boston Athenaeum; the difference between this and previous ones created all this discussion; no doubt each is correct *as he then looked*; it is absurd to compare three different originals taken at as many different periods. Trumbull's was executed while he had his teeth; Robertson's after he had lost them; and Stuart's when he wore artificial ones." This paper bears date "American Academy of Fine Arts, Sept.

20, 1824;" and is curious and valuable as the testimony of a venerable artist and patriot, evidently containing all the information he could command; it concludes with a request to the public to furnish other facts in regard to supposed original portraits of Washington, and the circumstances under which they were painted.*

External honors to the memory of Washington multiply with time; yet while cities, streets, ships, and institutions are sanctioned by the adoption of his venerated name; while daily tolls the bell of each boat that glides by his tomb, the two most permanent and special tributes to his national fame are the Washington Monument and the purchase of Mount Vernon as a sacred trust of the country—to become to her children through all generations, more than Westminster is to England, the Escorial to Spain, or the Thorwaldsen mausoleum to Denmark, the shrine, the hallowed ground, the "Mecca of the mind," of this continent and of the world. Whatever artistic criticism may find in the unfinished monument at the Capital, to praise or condemn, the project and the manner of its proposed realization, correspond with the dignity and universal claims of him whose place in human estimation is thus to be illustrated. Its site on the banks of the Potomac is most appropriate; the range of contributions is as broad as his renown; and there is something truly sublime in the idea of a commemorative pile on which, as in the days of Scottish patriotism, every clan of the earth reverently casts its stone: already these fragments, from the quarries of both hemispheres, have come from Greece and Turkey, Germany and Italy, China and Japan. When completed, it will rise as much above the other monuments of the globe, as his character rises above the mass of statesmen and victors recorded in history. Meantime, however, political faction has interfered with a work eminently national; like the obelisk on Bunker's Hill, for years after its base was completed, and the monument to the martyrs of the prison-ships, in Trinity churchyard, New York, at this moment, this great enterprise, to which every race has lent a willing hand, over whose initiation Chief Justice Marshall and Madison presided, whose foundation was celebrated by Senatorial eloquence, which is designed to testify a nation's gratitude and the world's recognition of a representative man in war and peace, and his country's love—remains unfinished:

* See Appendix.

and the United States have raised no monument to the Father of his Country. Until these two objects are accomplished we cannot dwell with unmingled complacence upon the trophies of his glory which the enterprise of states and individuals has secured; the Union owes him a tribute, and when laid on the altar of a nation's faith, who can estimate its effect in conciliating what is discordant and renewing the holy sentiment of civic brotherhood?

In view of the capabilities of the art of portrait-painting, we have cause for deep regret that no series of entirely satisfactory works exist as representations of Washington at all periods of his life; in view of the state of the country and of the arts when he lived, we have reason for congratulation that so much of the breathing man was rescued from oblivion and transferred to marble and canvas. He who has basked in the warm hues of Titian, or pondered the expressive outline of Vandyke or Velasquez; met the eyes of Raphael's Fornarina in the Florenee Gallery, or feasted his pereception on the hands of Leonardo's Gioconde; who has been magnetized by the olive face of John de' Mediei, so vitally impressive after centuries of picturesque silence; he who has recognised all the traits of Burke and Goldsmith in the limning of Sir Joshua, and felt, through observation, that Sir Peter Lely was born to depict Charles the Second's frail beauties, and Sir Thomas Lawrence the English nobleman of the nineteenth century, has ever in his mind's eye an ideal of success in portraiture which he fain would see realized for every object of his love and hero of his imagination. We were never more conscious of the relation between artistic and mental portraits than when, after having examined the features of the great Italian tragic poet, we read his own description of himself—drawn from consciousness, and inscribed on the back of the picture. The comparison suggested between the man and his similitude, was like applying a metaphysieal test to the artist's work; and this is a legitimate process; we all form a picture in our own minds of remarkable characters; the recorded impressions of their associates transmit a definite image, and any violation of the truth of this universal conception justly accuses the painter's integrity in the treatment of his sujet. In the case of one so grand and simple, so prominent in action, and so familiar in his moral traits as Washington, this instinctive portrait which exists in the popular heart, has a clear and bold relief, and it cannot be disappointed with impunity: the testimony is too coincident, the impression too uniform to be evaded by any trick of art, or license of genius. We know the history of the man, and the impression he

made upon contemporaries, and are prepared to authenticate his likeness, though we have never seen his living face. The hardihood of the frontier soldier and the grace of the polished gentleman; the costume of one studious of the proprieties of station; the dignity of command; the open look of native candor; the intrepidity of heroism; the serene gaze of approving conscience; the intelligence of an alert, observant mind; the self-possession of a methodical life; the latent fire of controlled emotion; the benignity of a true and kindly heart; the noble air generated by comprehensive duties; and the seriousness of limitless responsibility, with the modest expression that ever accompanies true greatness—these, and such as these, inevitably belong to a genuine portrait of Washington. Even the details of his appearance have been attested with remarkable unanimity. The identical terms occur in almost every description: one calls his air majestic, another serene. "His brow," says a French nobleman, "is sometimes marked with thought, but never with inquietude; his smile was always the smile of benevolence." "He is," observes another of his foreign visitors, "of a tall and noble stature, well proportioned, with a fine, cheerful, open countenance, a simple and modest carriage." His was a physiognomy that inspired confidence and excited reverence, and this peculiarity is recognised equally by curious strangers and intimate friends—by such diverse observers as Count Dumas and Chief Justice Marshall, the Marquis de Chastellux, and the Abbé Robin. Independent of such personal evidence, his expression of form and feature could have been inferred from his character, in regard to which a like harmony of opinion, whether drawn from actual knowledge, or the study of his acts and letters, prevails. Writers of the most opposite taste and convictions here unite; they may dwell more or less on special attributes, but there is no incongruity in their mental portraits of Washington. Alfieri and Guizot, Channing and Fox, Erskine and Mirabeau, John Adams and Frederick the Great, coalesce on this exalted theme. Antagonist views will never cease in the estimate of Robespierre, Napoleon, and Marlborough; but the character of Washington is for ever and palpably revealed in the clear light of immortal truth.

In this regard it is interesting and suggestive to note other and special impressions of contemporaries as to the personal appearance of Washington; these agree so essentially that we know what prominent traits to look for in an authentic portrait, and can almost infer the expression from the characteristics so uniformly asserted. The architect of the Capitol, B. H. Latrobe, who

visited Mount Vernon in 1797, writes: "Washington has something uncommonly *majestic* and *commanding* in his walk, his address, his figure, and his countenance."

"Major Lawrence Lewis asked his uncle," writes Mr. Custis, "what was his height in the prime of life? He replied, 'in my best days, Lawrence, I stood six feet and two inches in ordinary shoes.' We know that he measured by a standard precisely six feet when laid out in death. Of his weight we are an evidence, having heard him say to Crawford, Governor of Canada, in 1779, 'My weight in my best days, sir, never exceeded from two hundred and ten to twenty.' His form was unique, unlike most athletic frames that expand at the shoulders and then gather at the hips.

"The form of Washington deviated from the general rule, since it descended from the shoulders to the hips in perpendicular lines, the breadth of the trunk being nearly as great at one as the other. His limbs were long, large, and sinewy; in his lower limbs he was what is usually called straight-limbed. His joints, feet, and hands were large, and could a cast have been made of his right hand, so far did its dimensions exceed nature's model that it would have been preserved in museums for ages, as the anatomical wonder of the eighteenth century. La Fayette remembered this remarkable hand, when, during his last visit to America, he said to us in the portico at Mount Vernon, 'It was here, in 1784, I was first introduced to you by the good General; it was a long while ago; you were den a very little gentleman, rigged out in cap and feather, and held by one finger of the General's mighty hand. It was all you could do at dat time, my dear sir.'

"The eyes of the Chief were a light grayish blue, deep sunken in their sockets, giving the expression of gravity and thought. Stuart painted those eyes a deeper blue, saying in a hundred years they will have faded to their right color. His hair was of a hazel brown, and very thin in his latter days. In his movements he preserved in a remarkable degree, and to advantage, the elastic step that he had acquired in service on the frontier."

"He stood," says a Philadelphia lady, who witnessed the opening of the session of Congress by the first President, "in his own *dignity and moral grandeur—erect, serene, and majestic*; his costume was a full suit of black velvet; his hair blanched by time and powdered to snowy whiteness; a dress sword at his side and his hat in his hand." "The President seemed very *thoughtful*," observes a traveller of that day; "and was slow in delivering himself, which induced some to believe him *reserved*; but it was rather, I apprehend, the result of much reflection, for he had to me the appearance of *affability and condescension*. He was at this time in his sixty-third year, but had little the appearance of age, having been all his life exceedingly temperate; there was a certain *anxiety* visible in his countenance with *marks of extreme sensibility*."^{*}

* Travels. by Henry Wansey, F.S.A., 1794.

"Though reserved at times," writes Irving, "his reserve had nothing repulsive in it; and in social intercourse, where he was no longer under the eye of critical supervision, soon gave way to soldier-like frankness and cordiality." One of the latest personal reminiscences is that of his favorite nephew, recorded the winter he died. "It was a bright frosty morning; he had taken his usual ride, and the clear, healthy flush on his cheek and his sprightly manner, brought the remark from both of us that we had never seen the General look so well. I have sometimes thought him decidedly the handsomest man I ever saw; and when in a lively mood, so full of pleasantry, so agreeable to all with whom he associated, I could hardly realize he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who approached him."

"Over six feet in stature," writes Mr. Sullivan in his "Public Characters," "of strong, bony, muscular frame—without fulness of covering—well-formed and straight. When walking in the street, his movement was not the soldierly air that might be expected. His habitual motion had been formed long before he took command of the American army—in the wars of the interior, and in the surveying of the wilderness land. At the age of sixty-five, time had done nothing towards bending him from his natural erectness; his deportment was invariably *grave*; it was *sobriety that stopped short of sadness and a feeling of awe* rarely experienced in the presence of any man." Within the present year a venerable German writing from Bremen to his friends in New York, after alluding with much sympathy to the project of purchasing Mount Vernon as national property, adds: "The proudest day of my life I passed on the beautiful banks of the Potomac. It was in May, 1798, now nearly sixty-one years ago. I was seated at his right hand at dinner, and I recollect as distinctly his *majestic bearing* as if it were yesterday; though of mortality, he inspired an impression that he belonged to immortality. His *stateliness*, his *serene face*, the perfect simplicity of his manners, and his modest demeanor," are then noted, and the writer adds, "I imagine I am the only person in Europe since the death of La Fayette who was so privileged." "*Modesty marks every line and feature of his face*," wrote Mrs. Adams to her husband, after seeing him for the first time when taking command of the army at Cambridge.

Yet this unity of impression is unfavorable to picturesque and dramatic effect; it shows a typical excellence in which salient points are lost, and this is equally true of the mental and artistic portraits of Washington; his appearance and his

character left an impression harmonious rather than original; like all that is truly grand in nature, in life, and in humanity, it was the balance of all and not the predominance of a few qualities that rendered him illustrious. In vain the observer sought to carry from his presence a single extraordinary feature whereby to identify the man; in vain the painter watched for effective attitudes, melodramatic situations, or a characteristic phase of dress, manner, or look; Washington was too complete, too accordant, too humanly representative, too evenly as well as largely gifted with the elements of our commoner nature, to serve a theatrical purpose either for the historian, the dramatist, or the limner. Hence the difficulty of representing him in the way heroic characters are usually revealed. "In quitting him you have only the recollection of a fine face," says Chastellux. "His exterior," observes Marshall, "created in the beholder the idea of strength united with manly gracefulness;" and it is in such general terms that he is invariably described. No kindling glance, or dazzling passage of the Alps, Fontainbleau crisis of baffled ambition, or St. Helena attitude of exile and reverie, hint a panorama to the artist who cons his biography; his disconcerted air when a vote of thanks was offered him in the Virginia Legislature, though it bring tears to those capable of feeling moral beauty, offers no scene to the imagination like those in which the pencils of David and Vernet expatiated. Renunciation of authority, magnanimous self-denial which yields life's glittering prize without a sigh, though full of moral sublimity, lacks the materials for artistic display furnished by a victor's harangue in the shadow of the pyramids and the ceremonies of an imperial fête. Portraits of Charles I. are recognised by the beard, of Napoleon by the contour of an olive face and brow, of Voltaire by the anatomy of a sneering visage, of Byron by fair temples, rounded chin, and waving hair; we know them and other celebrated heads, by such tokens, when most imperfectly copied; but the portrait of Washington, like his character, boasts no speciality to catch the eye, is without an extraordinary single feature, and is known and honored through its indescribable dignity, an unassuming yet majestic dignity, a candid, graceful look, as of one habitually true to the loftiest motives which actuate human conduct, immaculate in honor, ignorant of fear, conscious of right, submissive to God, devoted to humanity, and, by virtue of these traits endowed with authority—an immortal and generic type of all that is exalted in patriotism and glorious in manhood.

His hands were large, as became one inured to practical achievement; his

forehead was of that square mould that accompanies an executive mind, not swelling at the temples, as in the more ideal conformation of poetical men; a calm and benevolent light usually gleamed from his eyes, and they flashed, at times, with valorous purpose or stern indignation; but they were not remarkably large as in persons of more fluency, and foretold Washington's natural deficiency in language, proclaiming the man of deeds, not words; neither had they the liquid hue of extreme sensibility, nor the varying light of an unsubdued temperament; their habitual expression was self-possessed, serene, and thoughtful. There was a singular breadth to the face, invariably preserved by Stuart, but not always by Trumbull, who often gives an aquiline and somewhat elongated visage: no good physiognomist can fail to see in his nose that dilation of the nostril and prominence of the ridge which belong to resolute and spirited characters; the distance between the eyes marks a capacity to measure distances and appreciate form and the relation of space; but these special traits are secondary to the carriage of the body, and the expression of the whole face, in which appears to have blended an unparalleled force of impression. When fully possessed of the details of his remarkable countenance, and inspired by the record of his career, we turn from the description of those who beheld the man, on horseback, at the head of an army, presiding over the national councils, or seated in the drawing-room,—to any of the portraits, we feel that no artist ever caught his best look, or transmitted his features when kindled by that matchless soul. If we compare any selection of engravings with each other, so inferior are the greater part extant, we find such glaring discrepancies that doubts multiply; and we realize that art never did entire justice to the idea, the latent significance, and the absolute character of Washington. There is dignity in Houdon's bust, an effective facial angle in the crayon of Sharpless, and elegance, wisdom, and benignity in Stuart's head; but what are they, each and all, in contrast with the vision we behold in fancy, and revere in heart? It has been ingeniously remarked, that the letters received by an individual indicate his character better than those he writes, because they suggest what he elicits from others, and thereby furnish the best key to his scope of mind and temper of soul; on the same principle the likeness drawn, not from the minute descriptions, but the vivid impressions of those brought into immediate contact with an illustrious character, are the most authentic materials for his portrait; they reflect the man in the broad mirror of humanity, and are the faithful daguerreotypes which the vital radiance of his nature leaves on the consciousness of mankind.



A P P E N D I X .



A P P E N D I X .

I.

TRUMBULL'S LIST.

THE only originals recognised in Trumbull's list, which is annexed to his observations already quoted, are the following:

C. W. Peale—Who painted fourteen originals from the life between 1772 and 1795; that of 1772 is in the possession of G. W. Custis of Arlington; that of 1781 is in the Baltimore Museum; those of 1783, '86, and '95, in the Philadelphia Museum; one of 1783 in Annapolis State House; others unknown.

Houdon modelled a cast from life at Mount Vernon, 1783.

J. Wright painted portrait at Headquarters at Rocky Hill, N. J., 1783, in possession of Mr. Powell.

William Dunlap also painted one at the same time and place, in possession of Mr. Van Horner, at Rocky Hill.

Pine—1778.

Trumbull—Whole length, 1790, now in the City Hall, New York.

Ceracchi modelled two busts, one colossal and one life-size.

Robertson, 1792—painted one, in his own possession, 79 Liberty Street, New York.

Savage painted and engraved the Washington family, 1794—the original for twenty years in the New York Museum.

James Peale, brother of C. W., painted two originals—the second in 1795.

R. Peale, son of C. W., painted one when eighteen years of age.

Sharpless painted two small portraits in crayon, one in profile—the other more front view, in 1796; one of them is in possession of Judge Peters of Philadelphia.

II.

(FROM THE MEMORIAL OF HORATIO GREENOUGH.)

GREENOUGH'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

BY THE LATE HON. ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

GREENOUGH's great work has surpassed my expectations, high as they were. It is truly sublime. The statue is of colossal grandeur; about twice the size of life. The hero is represented in a sitting posture. A loose drapery covers the lower part of the figure, and is carried up over the right arm, which is extended, with the elbow bent, and

the forefinger of the hand pointed upwards. The left arm is stretched out a little above the thigh; and the hand holds a Roman sword reversed. The design of the artist was, of course, to indicate the ascendancy of the civic and humane over the military virtues, which distinguished the whole career of Washington, and which form the great glory of his character. It was not intended to bring before the eye the precise circumstance under which he resigned his commission as commander-in-chief. This would have required a standing posture and a modern military costume; and, without an accompanying group of members of Congress, would have been an incomplete work. The sword reversed, and the finger pointed upwards, indicate the moral sentiment, of which the resignation of his commission as commander-in-chief was the strongest evidence, without the details, which were inconsistent with the general plan. The face is that of Stuart's portraits modified so as to exhibit the highest point of manly vigor and maturity. Though not corresponding exactly with any of the existing portraits, it is one of the aspects which the countenance of Washington must necessarily have worn in the course of his progress through life, and is obviously the proper one for the purpose. In expression, the countenance is admirably adjusted to the character of the subject and the intention of the work. It is stamped with dignity, and radiant with benevolence and moral beauty. The execution is finished to the extreme point of perfection, as well in the accessories as in the statue itself. The seat is a massive arm-chair, of antique form and large dimensions, the sides of which are covered with exquisitely wrought bas-reliefs. The subject of one is the infant Hercules strangling the serpent in his cradle; that of the other, Apollo guiding the four steeds that draw the chariot of the sun. The back of the chair is of open work. At the left corner is placed a small statue of Columbus, holding in his hand a sphere, which he is examining with fixed attention: at the right corner is a similar small statue of an Indian chief. The effect of these comparatively diminutive images is to heighten by contrast the impression of grandeur which is made by the principal figure. The work stands upon a square block of granite, which bears upon its front and two sides, as an inscription, the well known language of the resolution adopted in Congress upon the receipt of the intelligence of Washington's death: "First in war: first in peace: first in the hearts of his countrymen." On the back of the statue, just above the top of the chair, is placed another inscription in Latin, which is as follows:

Simulacrum istud
Ad magnum Libertatis exemplum
Nec sine ipsa duraturum
Horatius Greenough
Faciebat.

This inscription is not very felicitous. Independently of the objections that have been made to the grammar of the *faciebat*, which, though defended on classical authority, does not strike me as the natural form, the ideas are hardly expressed with sufficient distinctness, and, so far as they can be gathered, are not particularly appropriate. It is not easy to see in what precise or correct understanding of the terms Washington can be called an "example of liberty;" and admitting that, by a rather latitudinous construction, this phrase may be supposed to mean that his conduct is a proper example for the imitation of the friends of liberty, it is still more difficult to imagine why a statue of Washington may not be preserved though liberty should perish. Two thousand years have elapsed since the fall of Grecian and Roman liberty, but Demosthenes and Cicero still survive in their "all but living busts," as well as in their "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." The precise object of this description would, perhaps, have been sufficiently provided for by a simple indication of the name of the sculptor and of the circumstances under which the work was ordered and executed. The statue was originally placed in the Rotunda of the Capitol; but the light being found unfavorable, it was removed to a temporary building in the garden where it now stands. The light is better than before, but the meanness of the building forms an unpleasant contrast with the grandeur of the work, and it is much to be desired that a more suitable place of deposit may soon be found for a monument so worthy of the great subject, and so honorable to the artist and the country.

This magnificent product of genius does not seem to be appreciated at its full value in this metropolis of "the freest and most enlightened people on the globe." I have met with few persons here who have spoken of it in terms of strong or even moderate satisfaction. Every one has some fault to point out, that appears to withdraw his attention entirely from the grandeur and beauty of the whole, which, when they are pressed upon him, he is compelled to acknowledge. One is dissatisfied that the figure is colossal; another, that the face is not an exact copy of Stuart's portrait; a third, that the posture is sitting and not standing; a fourth, that there is a want of repose in the general expression; a fifth, that one of the ankles is incorrectly modelled; and so of the rest. Most of these objections proceed, as I have heard them stated, from persons who would think themselves wronged if their sensibility to the grand and beautiful in nature and art were called in question. But how feeble must this quality be in one who can see nothing in so splendid a monument but some trifling real or imaginary fault! I should not

blame any one for indicating and insisting on what he might consider as blemishes, if he were also to exhibit a proper feeling for the acknowledged merits of the work: but I almost lose patience when I hear a person, not without some pretensions to good taste, after a visit of an hour to the statue, making no other remark than that one of the ankles is incorrectly modelled; an error which, after a careful examination for the express purpose, I have been wholly unable to discover. This remark is nearly a repetition of the one made by the Athenian cobbler, upon the first exhibition of one of the celebrated *Venuses* of antiquity—that there was a wrong stitch in one of her sandals. It affords a curious, though not very agreeable proof, how exactly human nature repeats itself under similar circumstances, even to the slightest and apparently most accidental particulars.

The most satisfactory expression of feeling that I have met with here, in regard to the statue, was prompted by the finer and truer sensibility inherent in the heart of woman. It proceeded from a company of ladies whom I happened to encounter on my first visit to the building that contains this great national monument. They were strangers to me, and had not the air of persons belonging to the fashionable coteries of our large cities; but they evidently possessed—what was much more important—cultivated minds, and a keen susceptibility to the influence of natural and moral beauty. They appeared to have been travelling extensively, and one of them had under her arm a large sketch-book. They expressed in various forms the highest admiration of the statue, and one of them finally remarked, as a sort of summary of the whole, that it produced upon her mind a stronger impression of sublimity and grandeur than she had received from the cataract of Niagara.

The objections above mentioned to the size, attitude, and costume of the statue, and to the character of the features, proceed upon the supposition, that it was the interest of the artist to make the nearest possible approach to the person and countenance of Washington, as represented in the most authentic portraits and statues; and in costume, to the dress that he actually wore. This supposition is obviously an erroneous one. These are matters which have their importance as points of historical information—especially in connexion with a character of so much interest. But the object of the artist, in a work of this kind, is much older than that of satisfying curiosity upon these particulars. It was, as it should have been, his purpose to call forth, in the highest possible degree, the sentiment of the moral sublime, which the contemplation of the character of Washington is fitted to excite. This purpose required such a representation of his person, for instance, as, consistently with truth to nature, would tend most strongly to produce this result. A servile adherence to the existing portraits is not essential to the accomplishment of such a purpose, and might even be directly opposed to it; as, for example, if these had been executed in the early youth or extreme old age of the subject. Still less would it be necessary to preserve the costume of the period, which is already out of fashion, and for every subject, except the satisfaction of antiquarian curiosity, entirely unsuitable for effect in sculpture. The colossal size—the antique costume—the more youthful air of the face—are circumstances which, without materially impairing the truth to nature, increase very much the moral impression, and, instead of furnishing grounds for objection, are positive merits of high importance.

The question between a sitting and a standing posture is substantially the same as whether the subject was to be presented under a civil or a military aspect. In the latter case, a standing posture would undoubtedly have been preferable. But if the ascendancy given by Washington through his whole career to the virtues of the patriot citizen over the talents of the military chieftain, was the noblest trait in his character, and if it was the duty of the artist to exhibit him, on this occasion, under the circumstances in which he appeared, in real life, to the greatest advantage, then the civil aspect of the subject, and with it the sitting posture, like the other particulars that have been mentioned, instead of being a ground of objection, is a high positive merit.

It has been mentioned in private, as an objection made by a person whose judgment in some respects would be considered as entitled to respect, that there is a want of repose in the attitude. The arms are extended in a way in which they could not be placed for any length of time without producing fatigue; and we feel, it is said, the same sort of uneasiness on witnessing this attitude in a statue that we should if it were maintained permanently by a living person in our presence.

It is rather difficult to comprehend the precise meaning of this objection as applied to the statue of Washington. When it is the intention of the artist to express repose, the indications of activity of any kind are, of course, out of place. Where it is intended to express activity, the indications of repose would, for the same reason, be incongruous with the subject. It is no more an objection to the statue of Washington that the arms are placed in an attitude which, after a short time, would become fatiguing to a living person, than it is an objection to the antique group of *Laoeoon* that the muscles of a living man could not remain more than a few minutes in the state of extreme tension indicated in that celebrated work, without convulsions, or to the *Apollo Belvidere*, that he stands, with foot drawn back and arm extended, in the position of an archer who has just discharged an arrow from his bow. In the famous equestrian statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, the horse is rearing on his hinder legs, while the fore legs

remain suspended in the air at some distance from the ground. This is an attitude which could not be maintained by a living horse for more than two or three seconds; but, far from being made a ground of objection to the work, it has been regarded as its greatest merit, and as the precise quality which has given it the character of being the finest equestrian statue in Europe.

It was not the design of the artist to represent his subject in a state of repose. On the contrary, the obvious intention is to exhibit the noblest trait in his intellectual and moral character. I mean his habitual control over all the irregular propensities of his nature, at the point of time when it reached its fullest active development. In his practical career, this point was indicated by the resignation of his commission, as commander-in-chief, into the hands of the President of Congress. But that was a scene which comes within the province of painting rather than sculpture. A group so vast is beyond the reach of the chisel. It was the difficult duty of the artist to embody the sentiment which governed the conduct of Washington on that occasion, in a single figure. His success in conquering this difficulty, and producing, by a single figure, a moral emotion, superior, probably, to any that could be called forth by the finest painting of the scene before Congress, is one of the noblest triumphs of his noble art. To say that the work indicates activity and not repose, is only saying, in other words, that it was executed in conformity to the leading point in a plan, which was suggested, or rather imperiously dictated, by the nature of the subject.

It is rather unpleasant to be compelled, in commenting on this splendid effort of genius, to meet such objections as these, instead of joining in the general expression of mingled admiration and delight which it ought to elicit from the whole public. I make no pretensions to connoisseurship in the art of sculpture, and judge of the merit of the work merely by the impression which it makes upon my own mind; but I can say for myself, that after seeing the most celebrated specimens of ancient and modern sculpture to be found in Europe, including the Laocoön and the Apollo Belvidere, with the finest productions of Canova, Thorwaldsen, Sergell, and Chantry, I consider the Washington of Greenough as superior to any of them, and as the master-piece of the art. The hint seems to have been taken from the Olympian Jupiter of Phidias, who said himself that he had caught the inspiration under which he conceived the plan of that great glory of ancient sculpture, from a passage in the Iliad. In this way the noble work of Greenough connects itself, by the legitimate filiation of kindred genii, transmitting its magnetic impulses through the long lines of intervening centuries, with the poetry of Homer. The vast dimensions of the Jupiter of Phidias may have made it to the eye a more imposing and majestic monument; but if the voluntary submission of transcendent power to the moral law of duty be, as it certainly is, a more sublime spectacle than any positive exercise of the same power over inferior natures, then the subject of the American sculptor is more truly divine than that of his illustrious prototype in Greece. When Jupiter shakes Olympus with his nod, the imagination is affected by a grand display of energy, but the heart remains untouched. When Washington, with an empire in his grasp, resigns his sword to the President of Congress, admiration of his great intellectual power is mingled with the deepest emotions of delightful sympathy, and we involuntarily exclaim with one of the characters in a scene of much less importance, as depicted by an elegant female writer: "There spoke the true thing; now my own heart is satisfied."

The present location of the statue is, of course, merely provisional. It is much to be regretted that the light in the Rotunda was found to be unfavorable, as there is no other hall in any of the buildings belonging to the Union sufficiently lofty and extensive to become a suitable, permanent place of deposit for this monument. How, when, and where, such a one shall be provided is a problem of rather difficult solution. If, as has sometimes been suggested, the patrimonial estate of Washington, at Mount Vernon, should ever be purchased by the country, and a public building erected there to serve as a sort of National Mausoleum, or Western Westminster Abbey, the statue would become, of course, its principal ornament. But the execution of this plan, should it ever be realized, is probably reserved for the good taste and liberality of some future generation. In the meanwhile, the noblest achievement of the art of sculpture, dedicated to the memory of the greatest man that ever lived in the tide of time, will be permitted by a country which received from his hands gifts no less precious than Independence and Liberty, to take up its abode in a paltry barrack.

III.

(FROM THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT.)

THE WASHINGTON COINS.

DURING the period extending from the War of Independence to the year 1805, a number of coins and medals were struck, bearing the head of Washington. They are but little known to the community at large, and some of them are of great rarity even among collectors.

I subjoin a list of these pieces, adding from the source mentioned, a number which I have not in my own collection.

I trust some of your readers may not find it uninteresting to glance at a description of these reliques of the preceding half century, showing us, as they do, the gratitude felt by the contemporaries of Washington, for the great services rendered his country, as well as the veneration in which his name was held, both at home and abroad.

No. 1—1776. Bronze, from the same die as the gold medal presented by Congress. Undraped bust, head to the right; legend, "Georgio Washington supremo duei exercitum adseriori Libertatis;" exergue "Comitia Americana." Reverse—Washington and Staff on Dorchester Heights; in the distance the British evacuating Boston; legend, "Hostibus primo fugatis;" exergue "Bostonium reeuperatum XVII Martii MDCCCLXXVI."

2—1783. Cent size, laureated head, Roman costume; legend, "Washington and Independence," date below. Reverse—legend, "United States of America," "one cent," inclosed in a wreath.

3—1783. Obverse resembling the last. Reverse—Liberty seated, in right hand staff and liberty cap; in left a laurel branch; legend, "United States."

4—1783. Another variety of the last, with smaller letters and initials of die-sinker and designer, under the figure.

5—1783. Smaller bust, in military costume, legend like last, with initials under the figure.

6—1783. Another variety of the last.

7—No date. Of the same size and style as the foregoing, is what is called the "double-headed Washington," bust in military costume; legend, "Washington," below the head a star, edge beaded. Reverse—the same, with "one cent" in place of name.

8—1786. Bust in Continental uniform; legend, "Non Vi Virtute Vici;" head to observer's right. Reverse—Liberty, or Justice, seated; in right hand staff and liberty cap, in left a pair of scales; legend, "Neo Eboracensis," date below. Struck in New York, and very rare.

9—1791. The celebrated Washington cent. Finely executed head and bust, looking to observer's left; military costume, hair dressed in style of the time, drawn back to a queue; legend, "Washington President," below date. Reverse—large spread eagle, holding in its beak a scroll, with "Unum e pluribus" in one claw an olive branch with thirteen leaves, in the other thirteen arrows; on its breast a shield with thirteen bars and spaces; above the head "one cent;" around the edge, "United States of America."

10—1791. Obverse similar to last, without the date. Reverse—a small eagle with upraised wings; stars and clouds about the head; "one cent" above; six arrows in one claw, and olive branch in the other; date below.

11—1791. Obverse like No. 9. Reverse—a ship under sail; legend, "Liverpool Halfpenny;" below, two olive branches crossed; around the edge, "Payable in Anglesey, London, or Liverpool."

12—1792. A piece in size midway between a dollar and half-dollar. Head and bust; military costume, as above, but sharper in the features; legend, "G. Washington, President I.;" date below; milled rim, and ornamented edge. Reverse—a large eagle with upraised wings, shield on its breast, fifteen stars about the head, six arrows in one claw, and an olive branch in the other; legend, "United States of America." This piece and the one following are of great rarity.

13—1792. Smaller size, bust in the same dress, somewhat heavier in the features; legend, "Washington,

President," date below. Reverse—a spread eagle like No. 9, but in place of one cent over the head, are twelve stars in line, and one on bird's crest.

14—1792. Obverse like last. Reverse inscribed in parallel lines, "General of the Ameriean Armies, 1775; resigned, 1783; President of the United States, 1789."

15—No date. Like the last, except that around the obverse is the legend, "Geo. Washington, born Virginia, Feb. 11, 1732."

15½—Same as No. 15, but struck in silver.

16—1793. Obverse like No. 10. Reverse—a ship under sail, with word "Halfpenny" above, and date below.

17—1795. Head to right; similar dress, forehead more prominent; legend, "George Washington." Reverse—a shield with stripes and stars, surmounted by an eagle, holding arrows and an olive branch, and wings raised; legend, "Liberty and Security," date below. Around the edge, "Payable at London, Liverpool, or Bristol."

18—1795. Penny size. Head similar to No. 9; legend, "George Washington." Reverse like last, date omitted. Around the edge, "An Asylum for the oppressed of all Nations."

19—1795. The same piece struck in brass.

20—1796. In citizen's dress, hair somewhat more wavy; head to right; date below. Reverse inscribed in concentric circles, "Gen'l of the American Armies, 1775. Resigned the commission 1783. Elec'd President of the United States, 1789. Resigned the Presideney, 1796." Enclosed in a beaded circle a cannon and bundle of fasces crossed on a caduceus, and a seroll with "Repub. Ameri."

21—Another, like the foregoing, but thinner, and in place of date, legend, "Born Feb. 11, 1732, died Dec. 21, 1799."

22—1797. In citizen's dress, head to right; legend, "G. Washington, Pres. Unit. Sta." Reverse—pedestal with shield, draped, supporting the sword, fasces, and olive branch; legend, "Commiss. resigned. Presideneey relinq.;" date below.

23—1800. Small silver medal, head to left,—surrounded by a wreath, military costume; legend, "He is in glory, the world in tears." Reverse—a draped einereal urn, with G. W. around it; the legend, "B. F. XXII. 1732. G. A. Arm. '75. R. '83. P. U. S. A. '89. R. '96. G. Arm. U. S. '98. Obd. D. 14, 1799." This piece was also struck in white metal and in gold.

24—1800. The reverse was a skull and cross bones instead of the urn.

25—1803. Head to the right, in very plain dress, and marks of age in the features; legend, above, Washington, on either side of bust; dates of birth and death. Reverse—a beautifully executed figure of Fame flying across the sea, on which a ship is sailing, and the sun in the horizon; legend, "Wisdom, Virtue, and Patriotism," date in exergue.

26—1805. A large medal bust in armor, very finely executed, looking to left; legend, "General Washington. Inseribed to his Memory by D. Eecleston, Lancaster, MDCCCV." Reverse—in concentric cireles, "He laid the foundation of Ameriean Liberty in the XVIII Century. Innumerable Millions, yet unborn, will venerate the Memory of the man, who obtained their Country's freedom." In the centre an American Indian leaning on his bow, an arrow in his right hand, and legend, "The land was ours." Struck in England.

27—A halfpenny bust in uniform, to the left; legend, "Georgius Washington." Reverse—a harp; legend, "North Wales."

28—Piece known as the Manly or Blaeksmith's Medal, very aged features; legend on obverse and reverse, same as No. 15.

29—In citizen's dress, poor likeness; legend, "Gen'l George Washington." Reverse—legend, inclosed in a wreath of two branches crossed, "Born Feb. 22d, 1732, died Dec. 14, 1799."

30—Head to right, citizen's dress, poor likeness; legend, George Washington, Esq, late President of the United States of America." Reverse—a wreath with thirteen stars pierced by a bunch of thirteen arrows; legend, "Made commander-in-chief of the American forces the 15th June, 1775. With courage and fidelity he defended the rights of a free people. Died Dec. 14, 1799, aged 68."

31—A small brass piece, size of a quarter of a dollar; head to right, military dress; legend, "George Washington." Reverse—an eye with diverging rays, and thirteen stars; legend, "Success to the United States."

32—The same, half size.

33—Washington button, size of half a dollar; around the edge "Long live the President;" in centre, "G. W."

34—Another button. A circle of thirteen rings, containing the initials of the thirteen States. Around the centre, "Long live the President;" in centre, "G. W."

35—A large brass badge, or button; bust to left, in uniform; legend, "General Washington;" 2½ inches.

36—A small piece of silver, struck from Washington's private bullion on the first establishment of the mint,

1792. Obverse—head of Mrs. Washington, date below; legend, “Industry Lib. Par. of Science.” Reverse—flying eagle; legend, “Half disme.” United States of America.

The following pieces are in the collection of Rev. J. M. Finotti, of Brookline:

37—1792. The Washington half dollar, so called; die same as No. 12, but struck in silver.

38—Another Washington half dollar. Obverse same as last. Reverse—large spread eagle, with very large shield on its breast; one claw holding thirteen arrows, one with laurel branch and thirteen leaves; legend, “United States of America.” This piece has a flaw passing diagonally through the centre, occasioned by the breaking of the die.

39—Very large medal, head similar to No. 1, but facing left; legend, “George Washington.” Reverse—signing of the Declaration of Independence; legend, “Declaration of Independence, July 4, 1776.”

40—1797. Larger medal, like No. 22.

41—Head to right, short hair; legend, “G. Washington el. General of the Conti'l Army in America.” Reverse—trophy of cannon and implements of war—surrounded by legend, “Wash. renuit par un rare assemblage, les talens du guerrier, et les vertus du sage.”

42—Small medal, with hair in style of George IV., poor likeness, looking to right; legend, “George Washington.” Reverse—in parallel lines, “Natus Virginia in America Fæderata An. MDCCXXXII. Obiit An. MDCCXCIX. Series numismatica universalis virorum illustrum, MDCCCXIX.”

The following pieces are in the collection of J. Colburn, Esq., of Boston.

43—Head with close hair, marks of age, looking to the right; legend, “George Washington ob. 14 Dec'r, 1799. A.E. 68.” Reverse—oak and laurel wreath, with arrows; legend, “The hero of freedom, the pride of his country, and ornament of human nature, 1800. Late President of the United States of America.”

44—Head in Roman style, hair bound up with a fillet, well executed piece, but poor likeness; legend, “Washington, President,” date 1792, below. Reverse—a tall, singular-looking eagle, with upraised wings, thirteen arrows in one claw, olive branch in the other, six stars about the head, above “Cent.” Very rare piece.

The description of several medals, which I have never met with, I copy from C. B. Norton's “Literary Letter,” No. 3, as follows:

45—Obverse—bust in citizen's dress, straight face, bad likeness; legend, “George Washington.” Reverse—inscription in parallel lines, “General of the American armies 1775. Resigned command 1783. Elected President of the United States 1789. Re-elected 1793. Resigned 1797.”

46—Death of Washington. Diameter about three inches. Obverse—head of Washington crowned with a wreath, legend, “Georgo Washington.” Reverse—tomb and urn, over which a child is weeping, and at its side an armed female with United States shield, also weeping. On tomb, “Victor sine clade,” arms, &c., behind; legend, “He is in glory, the world is in tears.” Exergue—“Born February 11, 1732; died December 14, 1799.” (Issued at Newburyport, Mass., at funeral celebration. Designed by Dudley A. Tyng; executed by Jacob Perkins.)

47—Bust on a pedestal, on which is depicted a ship sailing, a man ploughing, military trophies, &c. On right of pedestal, Liberty; on left, an Indian chief; legend, “Gen. Geo. Washington, Presi: of the Unit: Sta.” Exergue—“Born Feb., 1732; died Dec., 1799.”

48—Small piece. Bust—in regiments, likeness not good; legend and reverse same as Boston medal.

49—Washington and Franklin. Obverse—busts side by side, the former in regiments. Reverse—an eagle descending with an olive branch and thunderbolts towards the globe, on which are the outlines and inscription of United States, 1783. Designed by J. Sansom, of Philadelphia; engraved by Reich.

A. S.

Brookline, Mass., Feb. 10, 1859.

A miniature, painted on ivory by James Peale in 1788, was purchased in 1843, from his son, by the Artillery Corps Washington Grays, of Philadelphia, and is now in their possession. It was originally set in a snuff-box, but is now framed in a gold case; it is in profile, looking to the right and in uniform. There is no doubt of its authenticity, the Corps having documentary evidence thereof—from the Peale family. Two of the best copies extant of C. W. Peale's first, and of Stuart's Athenæum portrait, are in the possession of Gouverneur Kemble of Cold-Spring, N. Y. They were painted by J. C. Chapman.

The first of the Washington medals was apparently struck in France, early in the Revolution, one of which, in the collection of C. J. Bushnell, Esq., of New York, is one and a half inch in diameter; Obverse—head after the Roman model, with cropt hair, having no likeness to Washington; legend—“G. Washington, Er. General of the Continental Army in America.” Reverse—Cannon, mortars, trumpets, standards, &c., in the rear the beams of the rising sun; legend, “WASHINGTON REUNIT, PAR UNE RARE ASSEMBLAGE, IV. LES TALENS DU GUERRIER, LES VERTUS DU SAGE.” —*Mass. Hist. Col.* III. vi. 236.

IV.

(FROM THE NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER.)

THE PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF WASHINGTON.

I SAW this remarkable man four times. It was in the month of November, 1798, I first beheld the Father of his Country. It was very cold, the north-west wind blowing down the Potomac, at Georgetown, D.C. A troop of light horse from Alexandria escorted him to the western bank of the river. The waves ran high, and the boat which brought him over seemed to labor considerably. Several thousand people greeted his arrival with swelling hearts and joyful countenances; the military were drawn up in a long line to receive him; the officers, dressed in regimentals, did him homage. I was so fortunate as to walk by his side, and had a full view of him. Although only about ten years of age, the impression his person and manner made on me is now perfectly revived. He was six feet and one inch high, broad and athletic, with very large limbs, entirely erect, and without the slightest tendency to stooping; his hair was white, and tied with a silk string; his countenance lofty, masculine, and contemplative; his eye light gray. He was dressed in the clothes of a citizen, and over these a blue surtout, of the finest cloth. His weight must have been 230 lbs., with no superfluous flesh; all was bone and sinew, and he walked like a soldier. Whoever has seen, in the Patent Office at Washington, the dress he wore when resigning his commission as commander-in-chief, in December, 1783, at once perceives how large and magnificent was his frame. During the parade, something at a distance suddenly attracted his attention. His eye was instantaneously lighted up, as with a lightning's flash. At this moment, I see its marvellous animation, its glowing fire, exhibiting strong passion, controlled by deliberate reason.

In the summer of 1799, I again saw the chief. He rode a purely white horse, seventeen hands high, well proportioned, of high spirit; he almost seemed conscious that he bore on his back the Father of his Country. He reminded me of the horse whose neck is clothed with thunder. I have seen some highly-accomplished riders, but none of them approached Washington; he was perfect in this respect. Behind him, at the distance of perhaps forty yards, came Billy Lee, his body servant, who had perilled his life in many a field, beginning on the heights of Boston, in 1775, and ending in 1781, when Cornwallis surrendered, and the captive army, with inexpressible chagrin, laid down their arms at Yorktown. Billy rode a cream-colored horse of the finest form, and his old revolutionary cocked hat indicated that its owner had often heard the roar of cannon and small arms, and encountered many trying scenes. Billy was a dark mulatto. His master speaks highly of him in his will, and provides for his support.

A few months before his death, I beheld this extraordinary man for the last time. He stopped at the tavern opposite the Presbyterian church in Bridge street, Georgetown. At that time, a regiment of soldiers was stationed in their tents on the banks of Rock Creek, and frequently attended Dr. Balch's church, dressed in their costume, and powdered after the revolutionary fashion. I attended their parade almost every day, and on one of these occasions I recognised Washington riding on horseback, unaccompanied by any one. He was going out to see his houses on Capitol Hill, as I supposed. They were burnt by the British, in 1814. My youthful eye was riveted on him until he disappeared, and that for ever. I was surprised that he did not once look at the parade; so far as I could discover, on the contrary, he appeared indifferent to the whole scene. It has been my privilege to see the best likenesses of the Chief. The one, of all others most resembling him, is that prefixed to the first volume of Irving's "Life of Washington."* All the rest wanted the animation which I perceived in his features.

* Wertmüller's.







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